

**Advocates
of
TREASON**

pamphlets

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of
TREASON

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GONE WITH THE WINDS OF HISTORY

Oles Honchar

History knows many examples of how bearers of fraudulent, misanthropic doctrines, invariably slipped into the bog of degeneracy and degradation, of how "fighters for a cause" turned into habitual criminals, torturers and murderers stigmatized by innumerable crimes against their own people and mankind. The foam from the Munich beer taverns resounding with those nationally enticing slogans, which intoxicated the brains of the narrow-minded burghers and grocers, was eventually to swell into streams of blood that swept across the countries of Europe, culminating in the factories of death, the ashes of crematoria, and atrocities of hitherto unprecedented proportions. This was German fascism, and its brief history was repeated in all its hideous monstrosity by the Ukrainian fascists who appropriated for themselves the name of Ukrainian nationalists.

From its very outset Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism, through its maliciously vociferous spokesmen deranged by the nationalistic craze, dismissed the holy of holies the best minds of the Ukrainian nation — Taras Shevchenko, Ivan Franko and Lesya Ukrainka — had imparted to their people, educating generations of Ukrainians in the spirit of revolutionary humanitarianism, democracy, in the spirit of respect for other nations and international solidarity with them. The works of the luminaries of Ukrainian culture, their lofty ideas grew from the spiritual life of the people who have always been strong by virtue of their love of freedom and justice,

a people who, jointly with fraternal nations of our country, manned the barricades of the October Revolution under Lenin's banner to win themselves freedom to develop, who already in our epoch have gained fame throughout the whole world for the beauty of their creativity and the titanic scope of their advancement. The purblind nationalists bartered the light of Shevchenko's thought and the power of Franko's vision for a racist mania that reeked of the Nietzschean ideology and chose the Berlin Übermenschen for their mentors. No wonder this course — the course of national dishonor and treason — led them to the only end possible for renegades: into the woods, into beastly foxholes wherefrom they plied their craft of murder in which even infants fell a prey to the forest scourgers.

This book is a collection of pamphlets by noted Ukrainian writers and publicists. Through the power of facts it castigates the nationalist infanticides and torturers who in their cruelty and sadism were degrading ever more, and in the end lost their human identity, stopping at nothing, disregarding every morals, law and right except the right of the knife and bayonet the black arm of the Gestapo had given them.

They were the ones who were taught to kill under the tutelage of the Hitlerite cutthroats, who summarily destroyed the intelligentsia of Lviv, who hunted down Soviet prisoners of war on the highways and in the fields and herded them into concentration camps; they were the ones who helped stamp out the flower of our nation, sending to servitude to the Reich trainloads of hundreds of thousands of Ukraine's young men and women. Blinded by hatred of the Soviet people, estranged from and alien to their nation, they knifed down entire families of activists under the cover of night, burned down houses, and threw children into wells before the eyes of their mothers... Responsible for so many deaths,

these killers, apprenticed in their bloody trade by their fascist protectors, have yet the nerve to blabber about the Ukraine and about their association with the Ukrainian nation.

Ukraine never has and never will accept them. And like all renegades they have deserved nothing but the people's wrath and contempt.

Many a year has passed since the night skies over the Western Ukrainian villages blazed red from their fires, since people died under their knives. The children of the murdered parents have grown up, and the country has developed both economically and culturally. Today the Ukrainian people live a meaningful life agreeable to their mind. Their hearts reject the poison of nationalism, for in those hearts has grown the deep-going feeling of humanism and friendship of peoples, a feeling of national dignity, honor and fraternity, which has forever united the Ukrainians with all the peoples of the Soviet Union, their socialist homeland. It is for these principles that the present and future generations of Ukrainians will devote their creative verve and bountiful talents, winning Soviet Ukraine the respect of nations and universal recognition and fame.

PEOPLE WITHOUT A HOMELAND

Yaroslav Halan

It was the summer of 1933. A young man rang at the door of the villa housing the Soviet Consulate in Lviv. On entering, he asked permission to speak to the consul. When the visitor was informed that the consul could not receive him, he swiftly drew a German Parabellum and fired a number of shots at the first person who caught his eye. The victim of the murder was Mailov, a consulate employee.

No sooner had the sounds of the last shot died away, than the bandit made for the door. But the doors in the buildings were of the type that opened and closed only through an automatic device. In vain did the murderer look for the saving button on the walls. In vain did he, pale and frightened, run from window to window: the bars he had not noticed before now blocked his way of escape. The criminal, who but a minute ago had killed an innocent man in cold blood, lost his head in fear of punishment. Cold sweat broke on his forehead; unnerved, he hid in the darkest corner.

The man's name was Lemik, one of the members of the so-called Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, formally under the leadership of Colonel Konovalets, but actually under the intelligence department of the German General Staff. Lemik was only a tool. The instigators of this vile murder were sitting smugly in Berlin carrying on "negotiations" with the aides of Groener and Himmler, while in their spare time they fabricated the "ideology" to justify their black deeds

and dirty machinations which outmatched the feats of "General Boh," the super-provocateur of Azef's * counterrevolution against Russia. Azef, however, had had no need of an ideological superstructure. He was quite content to hear the imperials jingle in his pocket. The ambitions of the super-provocateurs of the Konovalets clique went further than that. Dismissed from the stage of history, they used every means of making it at least to the variety platform. Donning yellow-blue** mantles, they doggedly scrambled onto the stage, brandishing threateningly the chipped trident. The words "Ukraine" and "Ukrainian" were constantly reiterated by these self-styled priests of "superpatriotism."

"It's sweet and becoming to die for one's country....," they whispered in the ears of their Lemiks, sending them off on a dirty job. But when death would rise up starkly before the eyes of the Lemiks, the "nationalistic superstructure," in the majority of cases, would vanish instantly from their heads, without leaving even the slightest trace in their hearts.

And then the nominees to the yellow-blue martyrdom would throw off their crowns of thorns, and, after crying their eyes out on the bosoms of the police, they would obligingly don the invisible cap of the agent-provocateur in the service of the Lviv or Warsaw "*defensywa*." ***

The Lemiks' "homeland" had proved to be a myth. Encountering stark reality, the myth dispersed like poisonous gas before a strong gust of fresh air.

* Azef, Yevno, 1869—1918, one of the founders and leaders of the Party of Socialist-Revolutionaries in Russia. An agent of the czarist secret police, he was responsible for the death of hundreds of people. He was also active in Ukraine. Unmasked in 1908, he fled to another country.

** Colors of the nationalists' flag.

***Political police in Poland from 1918 to 1939.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE

The genealogy of the Lemiks goes back to the times when the now dead Konovalets was wearing the stars of an Austrian Lieutenant on his uniform tabs. At the outbreak of the first imperialist war, Berlin became a Mecca to which the political salesmen of the yellow-blue breed were drawn like witches to a Sabbath.

At that time the market was tipped in their favor. Ukraine with her wealth had always played an important role in the imperialistic schemes of Germany. The so-called Union for the Liberation of Ukraine, hastily organized by the German General Staff, was to provide "cadres" for the future puppet "government." Meanwhile, with the Kaiser's blessing, some of the ministerial candidates organized espionage and subversion in the rear of the czarist army, while others translated German propaganda leaflets into Ukrainian and then shoved them upon Ukrainian prisoners of war.

The most enterprising among them organized so-called "units of Riflemen of the Sich" whose duty it was to entwine new laurel leaves into the dubious wreath of "glory" of the Austro-Hungarian army and assist Vienna in realizing its cherished dream of putting one of the Hapsburg archdukes on the Ukrainian throne.

Understandably, such a policy could not expect the slightest response from the Ukrainian people, in spite of the fact that the yellow-blue agents employed by the major powers were eagerly using anti-czarist slogans in their work. It was just as difficult to make a fool of a Poltava peasant as it was of a Kharkiv worker, for each was only too well aware that shackles of a German make were no less easier to bear than

were czarist handcuffs. On the contrary, their experience with German landowners and factory-owners had taught them that in the field of exploitation and oppression the Prussians were unsurpassable masters.

In 1917 the yellow-blue agents of German imperialism — the Zaliznyakovs and Nazaruks — thought their time had come. Their reports on Mikhnovsky's speeches at the Military Congress in Kiev were attentively read in Berlin. The reports were read and plans hatched.

These plans were revealed to the world in all their nakedness at the Brest Peace Conference. With a helping hand from General Hoffman, the Ukrainian Sevryuks found themselves at the conference table. Released from the Berlin cage, the yellow-blue parrots obediently repeated what their German masters had taught them for years and obligingly nodded affirmation to all the demands made by the German delegation of the Soviet government. When, to the bang of the German generalship's fist, the Soviet delegates were presented with an ultimatum on Ukraine and the Ukrainian people were faced with the threat in all its enormity of Austro-German occupation, the nationalistic supers sang joyous "Hossanas to the Almighty" to Wilhelm. At last, so they thought, their time had come, and with it the opportunity to exchange a lackey's livery for a ministerial tailcoat.

But cruel fate disenchanted the lackeys this time as well, and showed them once more that it was far easier to don a livery than shed it. At a time when the Ukrainian people, through the feats of their soldiers, were writing new pages in a glorious history, when all Ukraine had risen against the German invaders, the followers of Mazepa from the *Tsentralna Rada* (Central Council) did not dare stick their noses out of the reception rooms of their German patrons. The fires of

rebellion, flaring up now in one, now in another part of the country, alarmed and worried the battle-seasoned Prussian generals, and evoked naked terror in the Kiev "ministers." These people without a homeland now knew what it meant to face the hatred of a great nation, a hatred which no repressive actions could quell: for every bullet fired by the invader, or by his henchmen in operetta mantles, kindled yet another spark bringing nearer the moment of the great uprising of all the people.

When the politicians from the Central Council were superseded by a new German favorite — Pavlo Skoropadsky, the situation did not change in the least. Ukraine seethed, Ukraine wanted to live her own way. She destroyed with equal hatred the punitive units of General Eichhorn* and the blue uniformed henchmen of Skoropadsky.

Skoropadsky was to feel the brunt of this hatred in the fall of 1918, when he was forced to flee in a German ambulance train by the very same route along which his descendants of the Petlyura school were to show a light pair of heels some time afterwards.

In vain did the yellow-blue riffraff, later on, try to tear out these black pages from the history of their infamy, in vain did the nationalist falsifiers compose abroad legends about their "Thermopylae" near the railroad station of Kruty**, for nothing can repudiate the fact that during those tumultuous years their influence had never gone beyond the limits the bayonet of the interventionist had drawn for them.

* A General heading the German expeditionary troops in the Ukraine in 1918. Assassinated in Kiev.

** In January 1918 Ukrainian Red Guard units routed crack troops of the *Tsentralna Rada* (Central Council) in a battle that lasted two days near the railroad station of Kruty (between Nizhin and Bakhmach).

WARSAW MELODIES

In 1919 they made yet another attempt to put a noose around the neck of the Ukrainian people. This time, due to the temporary incapacity of their Berlin guardian, they concluded an alliance with Piłsudski who was at the point preparing his campaign on Kiev. Semen Petlyura, the same Petlyura who in the winter of that year had proclaimed pathetically that his controversy with the Poles over Western Ukraine would be settled only with the sword, not only sheathed his sword some months afterwards and hastily recognized Piłsudski's claims for Western Ukraine, but by a secret agreement also ceded him all the territory on the right bank of the Dnieper, leaving for himself the humble right to rule Left Bank Ukraine, under the strict supervision of Warsaw at that...

But Piłsudski's luck was even more short-lived than Wilhelm's II. Some weeks after his advance was initiated, he thought less about the retention of Kiev than about how to hold Warsaw itself. This time, as well, Petlyura's "government" took to flight, transferring its capital on wheels to Western Poland. The saloon car with the trident got stuck forever on a remote siding at the railroad station of Tarnow, and its passengers had no choice but to pass their years on foreign bread, and, growing older, to wait for the next juncture to come, to seek new patrons of political prostitution, who were still powerful enough to fill the disappointed hearts of the "tribesmen" with new hope of realizing their crazy dreams.

ENTR'ACTE

As matters turned out, they waited a long time. However, in this interval between two acts — the First and Second World wars — the people without a homeland did not rest idly. On the one hand, they wound the thread linking them with Berlin, which the course of events had broken off, and on the other hand, they continued to gamble on the great-power Jagiello mania of Pilsudski. To avoid losing form, they simultaneously toiled for every available counterespionage service: Olha Bassarab was devotedly working for the German, Petro Pevny for the Polish, Onatsky and Ostroverkh for the Italian. Some of the nominees to the yellow-blue mandarinat, such as Skoropadsky and Konovalets, were waiting for better times under the black wings of the German pseudo-republic, while others, such as Andriy Levitsky and Dmitro Levitsky — under the white wings of the eagle on the Wistula.

Through agents, who were simultaneously agents of their masters, they continued to try to "strike at the heart" of the Ukrainian people. They struck, to be sure, with guns and pistols, with acts of espionage, sabotage and subversion, with hypocritical propaganda. And when in response this people hit them near Bazar, when it hit them at the trial of the so-called Association for the Liberation of Ukraine, the latter a new version of the Union for the Liberation of Ukraine, they raised a hue and cry about the "red terror in Ukraine." These pygmies, their beards covered with the spittle of impotent fury, scattered throughout Europe and scrambled onto the rostrums to advocate a "crusade" against the Country of Soviets, particularly against the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic.

IN THE EMBRACE OF THE SWASTIKA

It was no accident that this hurly-burly coincided with Hitler's advent to power. It was no accident that for her anti-Soviet "crusading" Milena Rudnitska had picked the rostrum of the Geneva "Congress of National Minorities" directed by a rabid Hitlerite. It was Hitler who gave his blessings to the pensioners from the nationalist happy valley.

Notably, at that time the yellow-blue breed produced examples of "discipline." As it is known, the so-called Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, attempting to fool the people of Western Ukraine with their ersatz "revolutionary zeal," applied from its very inception the tactic of individual terror against selected representatives of the Polish administration. But as soon as Hitler came to an agreement with Beck *, the chieftains of this organization suddenly called a halt to the "terror." Moreover, when some of the members of the organization, disoriented by the sudden change of tactics, dared to protest, they paid with their life for the protest. The corpses of a young man and a priest's daughter, which were found by one of the ponds in Lviv with bullets in their brains, speak eloquently to the fact that for the OUN bosses the interests of fascist Germany were dearer than the life and blood of their comrades in the organization.

* Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

DAY OF RECKONING NEAR

But it was only in June 1941 that the people without a country showed what a canaille, which had made a profession out of political banditism and treason, was really capable of. The tanks of Hitler's dog-heads had not yet made a running start, when the yellow-blue tribe of Western Ukraine had already drawn the knives out of their bootlegs.

The invaders had hardly entered Lviv, when the riffraff crept out of their holes and participated in the killing of Soviet people, competing in their atrocities with the German soldiery. Why? First of all, because such was the order of the Gestapo...

Dreaming about the future Poland, the Polish author Zeromski once wrote his *Dream about the Sword*. The yellow-blue breed proved to be far more modest. They dreamed not of a knightly sword, but of the usual rod of a German chief of police.

However, even this dream did not last long, for it was cut short by the very hand that had placed the bandit knife into their hands. Two of the armed units, which the Germans allowed the Galician "tribesmen" to organize during the first days of the war, were disbanded by the German officers before the men of this unit had even mastered the Prussian goose step. It was only those renegades who were sufficiently seditious and already toothless whom Himmler still permitted to toy with "politics," the latter, for the most part, consisting in reprinting material from the *Völkischer Beobachter* on the pages of the *Krakivski Visti* (Cracow News).

Twenty-five years of Soviet power mean twenty-five years of Ukrainian statehood. The fascists do not consider us a people, they are rabid, irreconcilable

enemies of Ukraine, enemies of her statehood. We lead a life and death struggle with them. For our life, for their death. The entire people has united in this struggle. Through its heroism on the battlefield it is building itself a monument of eternal glory. And the closer the day of our victory, the stronger beat the hearts — ordinary yet great in this very ordinariness — of the Soviet people.

However, the closer the day of reckoning, the greater the fear and despair of the hangmen of Ukraine of the hangmen and their hirelings — the people without a homeland, human scum which today has found itself out of the mainstream of history wherefrom there runs but one road, the road to ignominy and eternal oblivion.

FOR WHICH THERE EXISTS NO NAME...

Yaroslav Halan

The fourteen-year-old girl could not look calmly at meat. When someone was about to fry cutlets, she grew pale and trembled like an aspen leaf. On a stormy night some months ago, a group of armed men burst into a country cottage not far from the town of Sarny, and brutally murdered her family. Struck with horror, the girl watched the death agony of her parents.

One of the bandits put the sharp edge of the knife to the child's throat, but in the last instant he came up with another "idea."

"Go on, live for the glory of Stepan Bandera!" he said. "And so that you won't die of hunger, we'll leave some food for you. Come on, boys, chop up some pork for her!..."

The "boys" liked this proposition. They took the pots and pans down from the racks, and in a matter of minutes a heap of meat cut from the bleeding bodies of her father and mother was placed before the girl, who was on the verge of collapse from horror.

This is the point to which these degenerates and bandits, who call themselves "Ukrainian nationalists," have come — all those followers of Bandera, Bulba and Melnyk. Their deeds of the last few years form a continuous chain of wild atrocities, monstrous wantonness and unimaginable ferocities.

In January 1940 a "split" arose in the OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists). Bandera broke away from Melnyk, and the Gestapo twins parted. This split was conditioned by the interests of the twins, it

was conditioned by the interests of their mother — Hitler Germany.

Their roles were assigned in the following way: Melnyk was to remain an overt, full-time lackey of Berlin, while Bandera somewhat of an Azef. Hollering about “independence” and a “United Ukraine,” this demagogic stool pigeon endeavored to rally around himself as many janissary-cutthroats as possible, who would be ready to form an espionage-subversion unit within Hitler’s horde during the first hours of Germany’s attack on the Soviet Union.

On June 30, 1941, on the second day of the Germans’ incursion into Lviv, Bandera established his “government” for Ukraine. This comedy was succeeded by another one twenty-four hours later: the Gestapo arrested Bandera and his “Prime Minister” Stetsko. The “arrest” notwithstanding, they offered him ample opportunities to go on leading his gang...

Beginning with the autumn of 1941, Bandera’s OUN was gradually going into the “underground” which, incidentally, was rather expertly organized by the Gestapo stage directors. The invaders had to split at any price the unity of the Ukrainian people and paralyze the growing partisan movement. The invaders placed their stakes on Bandera’s OUN group. Its task was to forestall anti-German sentiments among the masses and to hinder the bitter hatred harbored by the Ukrainians against the German invaders from spilling into an armed struggle for the liberation of Ukraine.

Bandera’s henchmen went into action. At the German print shop in Lutsk they started printing, of all things, anti-German leaflets; their so-called Ukrainian Insurgent Army* was being equipped with brand new

* English equivalent abbreviation for UPA — *Ukrainska Povstanska Armiya*.

German submachine guns. But neither their leaflets nor their submachine guns did any particular harm to the Germans. A leaflet as such did not cause anyone's death as yet, but the bullets of Bandera's men had the property of flying not in the direction of the German punitive units, but into the bodies of Ukrainian and Polish peasants, their wives, mothers and children, and into the backs of partisans engaged in avenging the injustices suffered by the Ukrainian and Polish peoples.

All these traitorous activities could not, of course, change and did not change the natural course of events. The Ukrainian people struck to the core of the provocation, through their assistance the Red Army was victoriously advancing to the west, freeing more and more Ukrainian territory from the enemy. The Hitlerites and their nationalistic hacks, though, were no better off than before.

It would have seemed that this was the end, that lower than these depths the German-Ukrainian nationalistic villains wouldn't go. But no! Even when the ultimate defeat of Germany had become but a matter of hours, the Ukrainian agents of Berlin remained true to themselves, and proved to be the most devoted and servile gang of all of Hitler's flunkies in Europe.

True, even today, in the intervals separating their criminal actions, these professional traitors rant about an "independent" and "United Ukraine," calling themselves an "independent political factor." But the facts show what this "independence" is really like. We refer to irrefutable facts sustained by the real and sole instigators of the Ukrainian nationalists — the Gestapo lords.

Let the documents speak for themselves. Let them seal the doom of that which for many years had been

labeled with the odious term of "Ukrainian nationalism."

In the early spring of 1944, the Red Army crossed the River Zbruch during its liberation campaign. About the same time the headquarters of the German security police and the SD of District Galicia was visited by Bandera "delegates" who had brought along a declaration to the effect that the representative of the so-called Central Command of the OUN, Herasimovsky, wanted "on behalf of the political and military sector of the OUN" to discuss with the Gestapo the possibility of close cooperation against "Bolshevism" under conditions at hand.

The Gestapo didn't have to be asked twice: on March 5, Herasimovsky met with the representative of the security police and SD, *Kriminalkommissar* Pappe, in Ternopil. As we see, the Gestapo had properly sized up their Bandera counteragents by sending to the talks with Herasimovsky a specialist on criminal affairs.

During the meeting Herasimovsky made a statement, in which he said, in part (according to the shorthand report of Herr Pappe's secretary):

"...The Ukrainian people and the Bandera groups clearly understand that they can attain their independence only with the assistance of the greatest nation of Europe." (read: the Germans. Y. H.).

The word "Ukrainian people" that came from the mouth of the out-and-out mercenary was, of course, but a stylistical adornment. Herasimovsky only wanted to emphasize that the fate of the Bandera fraternity, as of all the Ukrainian nationalists, would continue to rest in the hands of the Germans.

"Realizing this, the Ukrainian people (read: the Ukrainian nationalists. Y. H.) had already once stood by the side of the Germans during the First World War, later on they sought and found support of Ger-

many, studied for German aims, and, at last, made their contribution to Germany both in the Polish-German as well as in the German-Soviet wars."

In this respect Herasimovsky was undoubtedly in the right. The Ukrainian nationalists were true servants of German imperialism during the First World War; later they sought and found support in Berlin, diligently studied to be skilled spies for German aims and had every right to call themselves veterans of the German intelligence service. Apparently Herr Pappe himself hadn't the slightest doubts about this, and if he patiently listened to the sincere confession of the Bandera "Independent," it was only because his long-standing career as a clerk for the criminal police prompted him to do so.

Herasimovsky continued:

"The error contesting that the Bandera groups ostensibly regard Germany as their enemy must be finished with. The Bandera group states that the Ukrainians (read: the Ukrainian nationalists. Y. H.) would have been content with a state form patterned on a protectorate, but this step toward the independence of the Ukrainians was not effected by Germany; that is why the Bandera group, bound by an idea (you hear: "idea!.." Y. H.), is forced, in pursuance of its political goal, to work illegally. Nonetheless, the illegal activities strictly provide not for action against Germany but for preparation for a decisive struggle against the Russians. This was convincingly borne out by the fact that the Bandera group started to organize, arm and train its combat units only in February 1943, that is at the time when, as a result of the events on the Eastern front, it had been established that the Germans could not overcome Russia as it had seemed at the beginning of the war."

As we see, the Bandera chain hound, wagging its tail

as much as it could, was hitting at the legs of Herr *Kriminalkommissar* Pappe with ever growing force. In his adulating frenzy Herasimovsky doesn't hesitate to refer to his subordinates... as criminal elements:

"If in a number of places acts of anti-German sabotage did take place, they were never done on the orders of the Bandera group, but were carried out unauthorized by Ukrainians following criminal incitement..."

At the end of his statement Herasimovsky proposed the following:

"a) the Bandera group is to completely and unreservedly consolidate ... solidarity with all German interests, such as supply, German development in the East, and necessary requirements in the military service areas;

"b) OUN's Bandera group places at the disposal of the German contracting party secret-service material against Poles, Communists and Bolsheviks collected by its intelligence service for use in organizing punitive operations."

The nationalist henchmen of the German marauders did not have to wait long for the Gestapo's response. Only a few days later, the representative of the security police and SD of District Galicia forwarded a memo to the Generalgouvernement Oberführer and Colonel of Police, Birkamp, which was overflowing with undisguised irony toward the Bandera "contracting party":

"Please inform immediately concerning the decision of RSHA,* taking into consideration that the OUN representative, the would-be minister of foreign affairs of the Ukrainian state, is to visit me soon."

Herasimovsky's second meeting with the Gestapo

* *Reichssicherheitshauptamt* — Reich Central Security Office.

took place on March 23. In his new statement the OUN representative was no less generous than during his previous visit:

"...the OUN shall hand over to the Germans information of military character from the regions behind the Soviet front line.

"The OUN shall keep its combat units behind the Soviet front line and disrupt Soviet supply operations, supply bases, munitions centers and depots through active sabotage..."

Preparing for this devious activity, the OUN chiefs assiduously saw to it that their duped adherents would not know the truth. That is why Herasimovsky implored the Gestapo to maintain silence:

"The supply of munitions and materiel for sabotage from the German side through the front line to the units of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army must be effected according to the strictest rules of secrecy lest the Bolshevik regime turn up its trumps by maintaining that the Ukrainians (read: the Ukrainian nationalists. Y. H.), who stayed behind the front line, are Germany's allies and her agents."

On March 28 that very same Herasimovsky had a meeting with SS Obersturmbannführer Dr. Witisk, commander of the security police and SD of District Galicia. To Witisk's query on the Banderites' attitude toward German mobilization of the Ukrainian population, the nationalist blackguard gave the cynical reply:

"The OUN will not place obstacles to this end: besides, the Ukrainian people have so much manpower (!!) that the German occupation authorities can carry out mobilization, after which new enlistments will still be feasible in the UPA, and neither party will stand in the way of the other."

Indeed, neither party stood in the other's way. Both the Germans and the Bandera hirelings contended for

first place in exterminating the Ukrainian people. And if they did not succeed in carrying this insane objective to its fruition, it was only because they were hindered in the process...

On April 19, 1944, a meeting of the leaders of the German "Abwehrkommandos" 101, 202 and 303 of the army group "South" took place. In his report, Lieutenant-Colonel Lindgart (Abwehrkommando 101) complimented the OUN henchmen in quite a remarkable way. Now, listen to his words:

"Beyond the connections with the OUN, the activities of my agents are completely impossible."

At this meeting Lieutenant-Colonel Seliger (Abwehrkommando 202) had even more to say:

"...I must actually embrace all the members of the UPA in the territory of Galicia, and after training and equipment, transfer the greater part of them by planes to the Soviet side, or let them pass through the breaches in the front. For a long time I have maintained contact with the UPA through its representative Shukhevich and have already been provided with some men for training."

But while the Gestapo was conferring, the Red Army advanced in force, approaching the western frontiers of Ukraine. The German invaders realized that they would not walk the Ukrainian land for any length of time. And again the nationalistic cuckoo eggs stood them in good stead.

On June 15, in an official letter addressed to the chief administration No. IV, SS Sturmbannführer and Councilor Pommerning, Berlin, the representative of the security police wrote:

"...On 5.6.'44 information officer N. had another regular meeting with Herasimovsky, at which questions were discussed on transferring agents S. and F. across the front line to the Soviet side, as well as leaving

agents F. in the event of German evacuation of a part of Galicia in connection with the military events.

"These talks also serve the interests of the Sonderkommando 'Zeppelin' stationed here.

"As regards leaving agents F. and S. for transferring them across the front line, Herasimovsky stated that UPA maintains the same contact with the army as the security police with OUN's Bandera group.

"For a long time there has been an agreement between the German army and the UPA that agents F. and S. from the ranks of UPA be assigned to the army.

"So the only thing left is to acquaint the security police with these members of the UPA."

Enough is enough! The circle of infamy has closed, and the contemptible nationalist creatures arrived at the extreme point from which they had started on their wayward path. Gone into the irrevocable past are the hopes of these blackguards for a "great win," gone are their vain dreams of ruling over Ukraine, dreams which evaporated from their heads intoxicated with the blood of their brothers. Their mad, fanatic hatred toward the Ukrainian people, which more than twenty years had been lauded in the verses of their poet Malanyuk, has pushed them into the very same cesspool into which the German rulers of their bodies and souls have slid. Into the very same cesspool in which they were born and in which they learned their crafts of murder, treason and provocation.

One might ask: how can people fall so low? This question should be asked of fascist Berlin, of that gigantic bin of social and human trash, of people without honor and without a homeland.

And not even people as such, but something for which there exists no name in the languages of mankind.

LIES HAVE SHORT LEGS

Ostap Vishnya

It's a pretty long time since I came into this world. And I have been living and living in it ever after. I walk, breathe, look, listen, eat, cough and sneeze (in a word, I do everything that a living man does.

I meet with my acquaintances, comrades and friends. And whenever we meet, I'm usually asked the question:

"How are you, quite well, I hope?"

"Not so bad," I say. "Thank God. Everything's all right. I'm still breathing, working, coughing. And how are you?"

"Toddling along, thank you."

"Keep toddling then," I say.

That's how it went on all the time during my normal life.

It never occurred to me to answer my friends' "How are you?" with something like "Thank God, I'm already dead!"

"What?"

"Just what you heard. I went and dropped dead."

"But you're not dead! You're alive!"

"That's what you think, but actually I'm dead!"

"What do you mean — dead?! Here you are standing, talking, breathing, and holding a cigarette in your hand!"

"Well, that's how you see it: standing, talking, breathing and holding my cigarette. But in reality I'm

dead as dead I can be, a complete corpse lying in my coffin sealed by the earth! I feel just like a dead man would feel under such circumstances!"

"You're kidding!"

"You call that kidding?" I say. "Why, I've just read my own obituary!"

"Where?! What obituary?!"

"You ask where? Right here — in the newspaper *Ukrainske Slovo* (Ukrainian Word). Read it!"

I showed my friends the newspaper with my obituary.

I read it myself and so did my friends.

It was written in such a mournful key, and it pictured me so sweet and so nice and so unhappy. It described how much the Bolsheviks tortured me, and how they tormented me again and again, so that in the end I couldn't stand it anymore and heaved a heavy sigh, rolled up my eyes, kicked my right leg — and died...

I think I've never had such a kick in my life when I was reading about my own death.

Our sides split with laughter, and my friends kept asking me:

"Well, how does it feel being there, in the other world?"

"Not bad!" I say. "Not bad at all. Cornflowers, cherry trees and lovage grow there. Maybugs hum over the cherry trees. Hetman Skoropadsky is in charge of that world, while Petlyura serves as a commandant. And wherever you look there are bucketfuls of sausages and lard! That's what the other world is like..."

In this merry way my friends and I received the "reliable" news of my death!

Of course, it wasn't the *Ukrainian Word* alone that informed about my death at the hands of the Bolsheviks.

Didn't I read it in the *Krakivski Visti* (Cracow News) too? There was such a miserable sheet published on the funds of the Gestapo, when the fascists still wielded power.

I also saw it in other dirty sheets that called themselves Ukrainian newspapers...

You think I'm the only deceived of this kind?

Certainly not. There are quite a number of people that walk on this here Ukrainian land, and not only walk, but work and laugh, while the Ukrainian-German beadies put them on the list of martyrs and perform mass for the dead in their honor...

See what sort of people those Bolsheviks are, so to say. Do you see?! Do you hear?! This is a sort of example from my personal life, showing the impudent lies of the Ukrainian who-pays-more nationalists who resort to such tricks to dupe their credulous countrymen and pull the wool over their eyes so as to continue their treacherous deeds with the support, so to say, of the "masses," and cadge a "piece of rotten sausage" from their present masters.

That's their brand of "truth."

II

Now, let us have a look into the past...

Let us recall the main actions of all the nationalistic leaders, beginning with 1917...

The Central Council...

It issued "proclamations" on "independent Ukraine," but, in fact, sold Ukraine to the Germans!

Treachery and falsehood!

Hetman Skoropadsky...

He proclaimed the establishment of the Ukrainian state, while he himself surrendered to the mercy of Field Marshal Eichhorn's protection.

Treachery and falsehood!

Petlyura...

Now, he was so independent-minded, so indefatigable in building an "independent" and entirely "self-sustained" state you'd think there couldn't be a more independent and self-sustained state in the whole world!

In reality, though, he sold Ukraine to Pilsudski and the Polish magnates, bringing to Ukraine the Radziwill princes and the counts Branickis and Potockis under the protection of the army of bourgeois Poland with Marshal Pilsudski at the head.

Treachery and falsehood!

Don't we know how all those atamans, big and small, sold themselves to the czarist generals Krasnov, Denikin, Wrangel and Kolchak?!

To whom did they not sell their souls for a penny, and unfortunate Ukraine as well?

And all of them yelled, "We're building an independent and entirely self-sustained Ukraine!"

Nothing but treachery and falsehood!

III

The Ukrainians, assisted by the great Russian people, threw all the independent and self-sustained hetmans, big and small, out on their ears, and started building Soviet Ukraine.

My, oh my! When we were building a truly people's state, you should have heard all the things coming from the various tagalongs of the oppressors who lurked in Ukraine and from the blood-sucking kurkuls who shed tears for the big and small hetmans and atamans. After the Ukrainian people decided to rebuild their life on a new, socialist principle through the organization of collective farms, there was no end to the fabrications concocted by the enemies of the Ukrainian people.

"So you joined the collective farm?"

"Sure I did!"

"May Mary, Mother of God, protect you!"

"Why?"

"God bless and forgive you! Not for anything would I share my bed with others! Not for anything would I cover myself with one, common blanket! Not for anything would I allow them to take my children, my poor little babies, from their own mother and put them into a children's pen! Oh, Mother of God, do not let this happen to us! Just think what you're doing! Are you losing your mind? Come to your senses!"

And crocodile tears for the poor babies start rolling down his cheeks. But, actually, behind those babies he sees over 300 hectares of black earth on which he "toiled" before the Revolution, he sees bins full of golden wheat, he sees a "pond and a well and a cherry orchard swell" and mettlesome horses and strong oxen and the backs of the ever-sweating and emaciated farm-hands — that's what he sees.

Lies! Nothing but lies and slander!

The Ukrainian people did not believe in the sincerity of those crocodile tears!

On the free Soviet Ukrainian land collective farms sprang up in great numbers...

Large socialist farms flourished...

Without the landowner, without the master, without the bloodsucking *kurkul*.

IV

Soviet Socialist Ukraine blossomed not only with cherry orchards and boundless fields of golden wheat.

Plant stacks began to smoke, high-capacity power stations filled wires with electrical current, deep mines,

built according to the last word in engineering, covered the Donbas — the All-Union stokehold, the famous Dnieper hydroelectric project spanned the ancient Dnieper River near Zaporizhya, the quarries and mines of the Kriviy Rih iron ore fields were expanded, the output of the Nikopol manganese ore was increased...

Coal, iron, steel, aluminum, pig iron, manganese...

From a backward agrarian country Ukraine was transformed into a great industrial nation...

The Academy of Sciences, universities, industrial and agricultural colleges, vocational-technical schools, special secondary schools...

Hospitals, clinics, outpatient clinics, health resorts, sanatoriums, rest homes...

And all this was achieved only during the period of three Five-Year Plans...

In the meanwhile, the OUNite henchmen abroad were screaming from behind the back of the Gestapo and the Polish gentry:

"Ukraine's no more! She's gone! There's only a desert, and the people there are dying out!"

Lies! Nothing but lies! But besides lies what else do they have?

V

Then came the Great Patriotic War of 1941-1945...

The fascist invaders subjected Soviet Ukraine to ruin.

Sparing neither their blood nor their lives, the Ukrainian people, with the help of all the nations of the Soviet Union, defended their homeland...

Now, what did the nationalist henchmen — all those Banderas, Melnyks, Mudrys, Bazyaks, Shmulyaks, Dontsovs, Levitskys, Chuikos and others — do at that time?

What else could they do but sell out and betray?

They worked in the Gestapo, they organized the SS Division "Halichina," they spied, they killed their own people.

With German submachine guns and machine guns they fired at Ukrainian soldiers, they shot old people, mothers, and little children!

At the same time, however, they kept on yelling: "We're building an independent Ukraine!"

Murderers and liars!

The Soviet Army routed the German fascists, liberated Soviet Ukraine, freed the oppressed peoples from under the fascist boot.

All the Ukrainian lands reunited into one single, great, united Soviet Socialist Ukraine...

The age-old dream of the Ukrainian people came true...

VI

Well, that's where they've wound up with all their independence and self-sufficiency: deceived and terrorized people were herded into concentration camps in various occupational zones of Europe, where they are building an "independent Ukrainian state."

When Soviet authorities offered those who were deceived and deluded to return to their homeland to restore its economy ruined by the fascist invaders, some screamed hysterically with foam at the mouth:

"Don't go! Don't return! The Bolsheviks will kill you! If not with bullet then with exile to Siberia, Sakhalin, north of the Polar circle!"

To earn their pennies and curry their masters' favors, the lackeys intimidated, beat and tortured those who realized into what a mess these henchmen of the rich got them.

"They'll butcher your children! Don't go!"

Now, what else can they say?!

They're prepared to say even more than that if only to sustain by all means the illusion that they have a following among those "masses" who are confined behind barbed wire.

"The Bolsheviks will fry your children with onions!"

They'll go as far as that.

But all this is no news to us!

Meanwhile, the reunited Soviet Ukraine is restoring her economy, healing her terrible wounds inflicted by the fascists, and very soon, great and powerful, she will blossom like a magnificent rose in the friendly family of Soviet republics.

Merry songs of a happy, free people are already resounding in Soviet Ukraine.

And Ukraine will forgive everyone who returns to his homeland to work honestly, as a mother forgives her prodigal son who admitted his error and his guilt toward her.

But the oppressors' henchmen, the mercenaries and traitors shall never see their homeland!

For their homeland is elsewhere — in the lackeys' foreroms of their new masters' palaces!

There they will live right to the day when a wooden cross will be pushed into their shameful graves!

ON A FOREIGN DOORSTEP

Yuri Melnichuk

When he was a sorry blind puppy, he, like all creatures, was nourished on his mother's milk. He was a greedy thing, a whiner, but his mother fed him generously and kept him warm, hoping he would pull through somehow.

Well, he did pull through, lying around by the cottage, lazily narrowing his eyes against the sunlight and trying to catch a fly. It was his dream to catch a fly.

Later he began barking at wheels. A cart would go by, wheels turning round, while the puppy yelped at them and yapped furiously.

"Shut up, you fool!" the parish priest would shout angrily, for the puppy had "turned up" on the priest's property.

And the puppy would fall silent at once, and come running up to squat down and peer into the priest's eyes, or wag his tail and twist into more remarkable contortions than any other dog could — even for a lump of sugar.

"Better if he croaked! Whatever will he be like when he grows up?" the priest would say.

And truly, they didn't expect much of him; but bit by bit he grew up and even had a fine coat of hair. He sharpened his teeth by gnawing bones, and the time came when he learned to growl. One day he sank his sharp little fangs into the leg of his own mother.

"Oh, you dirty flea-bag you! So that's all the thanks you show for your mother's care and nursing? Now, get out of the yard! Scat, you ungrateful wretch!"

The puppy slunk off with his tail between his legs, and went "to make his own living." Now he would steal something, now fish something out of a garbage heap or pick up leftovers that had been thrown out — so, day after day, he managed to get along.

But a mother's heart is not made of stone. His mother forgave him and let her ungrateful son return, caressed and cared for him, pulling the burrs from his matted coat. Once more he lived a carefree life. The prodigal son gulped down warm food till he was fit to burst, slept in a cozy kennel — you would think he could want no more! Not him, that wasn't his nature.

The autumn rains were long forgotten, winter was over, and the pup grew a new shaggy coat of hair, and caught spring fever. He began forgetting his way home and joined a pack of young wastrels like himself. He would find loopholes to slip into the storehouses of strangers and generally caused people a lot of trouble. But one day he was caught redhanded and, not bothering to inquire whom he belonged to, some men gave him such a thorough hiding that the pup scarcely had strength enough to lick his wounds.

Shame and impotent fury made him run away from his native village. And from then on he lived like a tramp.

Where didn't he go, what didn't he see, what garbage heaps he rummaged in! He began to attract people's attention and was talked about — for he was a self-confident and conceited fellow for all that he was just a tramp. All this talk made him swollen with pride and insolence, and he decided to really show what he could do. Choosing the right moment, he darted

out unexpectedly from under a gate and bit a gentleman. Frightened by his own daring, the dog dashed headlong into some bushes, while others, who were perfectly innocent, had to pay for his trick with their own skins, ending up in a knackery.

One day a foreigner lured him with a bone, and in one bound he was at the man's feet, licking his jackboots and fawning around him with delighted yelps. The foreign gentleman took him into service, hung a numbered tag round his neck, gave him a name and began "training" him. He would call out: "Wo ist mein Hund?" (Where is my Dog? — Ger.). And the priest's mongrel would jump up as if scalded, let out a couple of barks that sounded like "Heil Hitler!", and rush full pelt toward his master. He would crawl on his belly to his feet, fawn on him, softly whine, and await orders.

Well, this foreign gentleman went to war — to kill people and plunder alien lands — and he took the dog with him. What happy days they were! The dog would race ahead of his master to show the way and warn him of danger; and he kept his master from being disturbed and guarded his life.

The roads of war ran across the land where the priest's blind puppy had first seen the light of day and received care, the land where he had grown up. But the dog forgot all that. He tore open his countrymen's throats, bragged of his bloody paws, and proved no less cruel than his sovereign from a barbarous tribe. For his efforts, he was kindly permitted to go for a walk wearing his dog collar and doing more or less what he wished. This made the dog more proud and arrogant than ever.

One day, while shoeing a horse, his master looked up to see the dog offering him a foot also. Taking it as a personal insult and a display of insufferable impu-

dence, he gave the dog's back such a serious working over that it was a long time before the brazen creature was back on his feet. And he limped from then on.

The war ended badly for both the foreign gentleman and his doggy menial. However, the animal was clever enough to slip across the border and hide in some bushes, this time in a foreign land. After licking his wounds, the dog found a new patron who would feed him. All he had to do in exchange was to raise a clamor and bark during rallies calling for a new war -- the dog would simply howl with rage. He was well fed and patted and praised for his diligence, but all this only awoke his old impudence again. He became fastidious and demanded more than a dog should expect. He finally began to look on his master as an equal, and was most disrespectful.

So then his master swore at him and gave him the boot. And so hard, that the poor animal fell down stairs with lolling tongue -- and his legs twitched in his last agony.

* * *

Thus he will die like a cur on a foreign doorstep -- die the death of a dog and a traitor.

Yaroslav Halan

As the press informs us, Stepan Bandera, leader of the Ukrainian fascists, now "requiescat in pace." His transit to the next world was speeded up by his old friends and masters -- the German fascists who are again raising their heads in West Germany. The report from Munich ran that he "was unfortunate enough to fall down stairs in a highrise apartment building" and died without regaining consciousness.

Fell down stairs... Well, let's presume he fell — but who gave him such a hard push that he never rose again after his fall?

Information from different sources imply that it was nothing less than premeditated murder, and that the Bonn minister Oberländer had a hand in it. The point is that Bandera and his OUN renegades had long served under Oberländer and that Bandera knew too much about this Hitlerite hangman.

Historical documents prove the close collaboration of the Banderites with the Hitlerites in acts of joint villainy against the Ukrainian people. From the great mass of materials that incriminate the OUNites as loyal minions of the Hitlerite butchers and as accomplices in horrible crimes committed on Ukrainian territory, we will give but one example.

Deputy to the Bundestag Paul Lewerkusen, who in his time was a secret agent of the Hitlerite Wehrmacht, testifies in his book *The Wehrmacht Intelligence* that the Nightingale battalion under Oberländer was largely composed of Banderites. The American historian A. Dal-lin, in his work *German Rule in Russia, 1941—1945*, also writes of the close collaboration of Oberländer with Bandera and of the latter's initiative in carrying out purges and pogroms in Lviv.

One can but imagine what sort of "initiative" this was, and what scale it encompassed, if one takes into account that by the time the German fascist troops arrived, over 310,000 people had already been killed or tortured to death in Lviv and its environs! This is but one more page from the shameful history of bloody Banderism! Thus, we should add these hundreds of thousands who were tortured and killed in Lviv at the will of Bandera and Oberländer when the war started to the many thousands of people who were hanged, shot in ravines, thrown into the deepest wells

or else driven with the help of the OUNites to Germany as slaves. Let the people remember that Bandera, hiding behind Oberländer, was the cruel executioner of the Lviv residents!

Lately, Oberländer has found himself in a rather tight corner. The public has got to know about his criminal activities under Hitler, discovered that this fascist jackal, who escaped the noose purely by chance, has pretensions to play a leading role in the Adenauer government, persistently directing its policy along the channels of fascism. But honest people demand that Oberländer be tried as a Nazi war criminal.

Oberländer began to bristle like a wolf at bay. And here was Bandera, into the bargain, trying to repair the spokes in the shattered nationalist wheel by confronting him with "Herr Minister, do you remember the Lviv concentration camp on the Citadel in 1941? Those were the days! And do you remember what orders you issued regarding the prisoners? Eh! When will our Nightingale sing again! I'd join you once more, just as I did then..."

On top of that, Bandera began blackmailing Oberländer. He demanded improved conditions and increases in the sops granted the OUN band: "Loosen your purse strings, don't be a miser! We know each other pretty well, don't we? I'm not talking, and I won't talk, but you give out with the cash. Come on, now!" At first, Oberländer gave Bandera a few bribes to shut his mouth, but finally gave him such a cuff that the latter "fell down stairs" — never to rise again.

"Well, is it true that Bandera gave his last bark?" one villager asked me at a bus terminal while we had a smoke.

"Looks like you've guessed it," I answered.

"He served like a dog all right."

"Exactly, like a dog."

The fascists let Bandera get too close to their "witch's kitchen." He knew too much about their black deeds and plans, about the past of the Hitlerite retainers and of today's revanchist confederates of Adenauer. So they decided to get rid of him. Their hireling had become too obtrusive and demanding, and this irritated his master. So the hireling was done away with.

Bandera was picked up on a foreign doorstep, dug into a hole on foreign soil, while the nationalist rooks cawed over him and flew off to grow fat on selling their services elsewhere.

That's the whole story.

And nobody needs Bandera any more. Only mothers and fathers, only the orphans will call down curses on his head — even though he is dead. Curses for all the bloody, unforgivable crimes he committed against our people in the name of his creed. And the man himself has earned the popular epithet of bloody Bandera!

The traitor will rot in foreign ground, he will pass into oblivion, forgotten by all because he was an enemy of his people, a stranger to his nation.

P.S. A CUR'S DEATH FOR A CUR!

This is an old saying among Ukrainians, and it is applicable today, very much to the point.

1959

CROSSBREED FROM A SHEEPFOLD OVERSEAS

Yuri Melnichuk

In Boris Hrinchenko's Ukrainian dictionary *tumy* is defined as a cross between the Spanish or Silesian variety and the common sheep. It is further defined as a derogatory term applied to people as well. Therefore, if a subject exists who doesn't care whether there are a dozen fathers involved, then the *tumy*-bastard will be whelped for sure.

A most ostentatious crossbreed is now being raised among the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, due to their crossbreeding with the German fascists and revanchists as well as American imperialists. There are even special sheepfolds for such a crossbreed, where they are fattened up and let multiply. One such pen in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, where a crossbreed of a nationalistic-Catholic variety has been brought together, even has a name of its own — *Ukrainski Visti* (Ukrainian News).

It has been established that boundless greed and irrepressible blatancy are the most typical attributes of this breed. Waking up in the morning, such a *tumy*, on hearing that its master has already breakfasted, begins to bleat most dolefully:

For you I stand knee-deep in muck,
And chew the straw my masters chuck —

To be left in peace, his master tosses something "over the fence" larding it with a choice greeting such as "You'd have been better off if you'd croaked back in Hitler's time!"

The *tummy* bastards from the *Ukrainian News* have their own telephone number that begins with the letters GA. We could think of worse things, but will limit our imagination to presuming they could stand for “garbage” or “gadabouts.” This meaningful code is followed by the number 2-5708.

Their imperialist employers provided them with Parker pens, paper and typewriters and ordered them to put out the newspaper *Ukrainian News*. And the *tummy* work so hard they simply sweat over it, but somehow manage to publish the newspaper every Monday — after all, they have to earn their keep. Some people may wonder why a Catholic paper like the *Ukrainian News* comes out on Monday and not Sunday. Because, you see, on Sunday nobody would bother to read such filth — it would take up too much time. Besides, on Sunday the *tummy* are exceptionally busy. That’s when they lift up their voices in prayer for the Pope in Rome and for their imperialist “Mummykins,” and line up by the church door holding out their hats like beggars: “Give us a handout, don’t forget us!” But from Monday on, the *tummy* devote themselves to the prosaic business of selling their souls by publishing their shameful *News*.

It may be of interest to know how the *tummy* go about “creating” their nationalist *Ukrainian News* and how it rates as a piece of journalism. Oh, in this respect they are extremely original! As a rule, they work together as a team. All these patent impostors, these titled and miserable *tummy* get together and begin wearing each other out, racking their brains to dig up little black lies. After putting all this into professional shape and coming up with some nonsensical opus, the whole noisy crew take it to their guardian.

"Just take a look at this, my dear Pan — beg pardon, mein Herr — excuse us, my dear sir. Look at what we've created! A few more articles like this and the Soviet Union won't last long, we'll surely finish it off. We've dealt it such blows that it's groggy already. A bit more, and it will topple for good. And all due to the hard work of your faithful *tummy*!"

"Go to hell!"

"Certainly, our most precious one, but you wouldn't begrudge us a little on account, would you?"

"What do you mean?"

"In Hitler's time, our dear father, we were always given a gift. Well, you understand, *Trinkgeld*,* just something to grease the wheels a bit."

"Get out! Get out of here, you greedy beggars!"

Of course, some patronizing moneybag shells out a few dollars just to get rid of them. Oh, then the *tummy* have a real celebration! They go to a bar to get tanked up. After warming up their patriotism, they unanimously decide "to make" a revolution in Ukraine, and carry it out with success till they reach the point when they have to take power into their hands. That's when all hell breaks loose. When it comes to distributing the portfolios, they come to blows and raise such a racket that the "revolution-drunk" *tummy* are only brought to their senses by a policeman. He threatens to box their ears so hard they'll remember it for a whole year. The *tummy* promise to behave and beg permission to sing. They break into "May You Live Many Years" dedicating the song to their patrons, the policeman and to a button off Petlyura's pants. Then they sing praises to their "Give-us-a-Hand-

* (Ger.) — tip, gratuity.

out" newspaper — that good-for-nothing reptile sheet full of nationalist lies and sordid banality.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
At the market I made
Thirty pieces of silver
And my thirst I've allayed.

It's my profit and loss —
For the boss it's a prize,
So drink, *tummy*-rascals,
You'll soon die like flies.

* * *

The nationalists renegades have fits of rage every time good news is received abroad from Ukraine or the Soviet Union. Every year, hundreds of thousands of foreign tourists visit Ukraine. Ukrainian emigrants in Canada, the United States and other countries come to visit their relatives. From their personal observations, by comparing the past and present-day life of our people, they all receive the best of impressions. They return from Ukraine excited and filled with pride in their countrymen who have won freedom, have a state of their own, and have achieved great successes in the development of industry, agriculture, science and culture. They relate all they have seen to their neighbors and acquaintances, to all those who haven't been so fortunate as to visit Ukraine.

For instance, an American tourist, Daniel Kmita, who left his homeland when it was still enslaved and had listened to and read many nationalistic lies about Ukraine, wrote an article for the Lviv newspaper *Vilna Ukraina* (Free Ukraine) after visiting his native village. He writes, in part:

"I could hardly recognize the village, it was so much changed and had grown so big. Many new buildings had appeared. Now there is a maternity home in the village. Did anybody see anything of the kind here previously? There is a large secondary school with 20 teachers on staff. When I left the village, there was only a primary school with two teachers! There were probably only three or four literate persons then, while now everybody in the village is literate. Quite a few of our villagers have diplomas of higher learning, have graduated from colleges and become engineers. My brother's son has graduated from a polytechnic college and is an engineer. This is additional proof for me of how much Soviet power has given to the working people of the Western Ukrainian lands."

By sharing his joy with others, a person increases his own happiness and turns it into a common one.

However, the truth about Ukraine does not make everybody happy. It especially irritates the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. Rotting away in their treacherous bog, they pound out lies day after day, saying unbelievable nonsense about Ukraine and the Ukrainian people. While those who have been to Ukraine and say a sincere and true word in her favor are ready to drown these liars in a mere spoonful of water or pour molten lead down their throats.

Several years ago a booklet by Wasyl Swystun *My Second Visit to Ukraine*, released by the Canadian Society for Cultural Relations with the Ukraine, was published in Winnipeg. The author, who was forced to emigrate under the blows of fate relates in this booklet everything he saw and heard, and people he met, what impressions the trip made on him both as a tourist and a Ukrainian.

"I admit," he wrote, "that I was simply fascinat-

ed by the phenomenal development of Ukraine during the three years that have elapsed since my first trip (in 1954), by the growth of Ukraine's industry, agriculture, state organization, culture, and living standards. The remarkable pace of this development can mainly be accounted for by the great revolutionary transformations that have taken place in the Soviet Union during those three years."

What Swystun wrote is no exaggeration. It is all a reality fully recognized and of which journalists and tourists write in hundreds of foreign publications, in the press. And every normal American, Frenchman, Canadian, Italian, Indian, Australian, every decent person — no matter where he lives in the world — can say nothing against the impressions and conclusions of Swystun, against the fact that the Ukrainian people have achieved such great successes or that they have grand and attractive prospects for the future.

In the whole world, it is only the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists and, naturally, various imperialists and fascist enemies of our culture, who do not like the bright today of the Ukrainian people. Lacking the slightest idea of what Soviet Ukraine is like and basing their ideas on the status of their venality and mental subservience during the times of occupation of the Ukrainian lands by the Austro-Hungarian and Polish gentry and by the German fascist oppressors, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists impudently try to attract attention to themselves as if they also represent the Ukrainian people. These miserable voluntary menials snuggle up to the enemies of Ukraine and cast vicious glances our way to see if it is possible to do more harm than they have already done to the Ukrainian people.

Describing the bourgeois nationalist rogues as "patent patriots," Swystun wrote that "they are blind,

deaf and dumb to all achievements of the Ukrainian people in Ukraine! The only thing they would like to see in Ukraine is a decline in prosperity, poverty, shortcomings, defects and shortages." Swystun wrote the truth. And this truth sears the eyes of the nationalists and they set up a howl.

"How many readers with even a grain of common sense would believe such nonsense? Is there a Ukrainian anywhere," they scream, "who would wish any bad fortune to the Ukrainian people?"

Honestly, it's hard to digest the idea that a son would like to set fire to his mother's house, or that a brother would knife his own brother, that any Ukrainian would wish trouble to fall on the heads of the Ukrainian people, though such things do occasionally occur in families, in a nation. They should not blame Swystun, because it is not his fault that the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists tortured Ukrainians, shed their blood and put the Ukrainian lands to flames, and betrayed and committed crimes against the Ukrainian people. But the nationalist pharisees appeal in vain to the conscience of their readers in the hope that they have short memories. In particular, readers who have not lost their common sense and would therefore turn away in disgust from these dishonorable clowns who pretend to be innocent orphans.

The shameful mission of spreading misinformation about Ukraine is known to have been taken on by journalistic imperialist hangers-on from the counterfeit *Voice of Ukraine*, by the false *Ukrainian News* as well as by other screaming penpushers of other nationalist newspapers. Naturally, they could not remain silent when Swystun's book came out, so they started to ring their cracked bell. Using the tactics of a deaf man who, failing to hear something, makes up his own version, the nationalist press began to

hand out to their readers the devil knows what kind of nonsense.

Maybe a hangover or a stomach ache prompted a certain Mr. M. S--k of Toronto to spring into print in Edmonton's *Ukrainian News*. Oh you silly asses, holy in your utter stupidity — patrons of nationalistic liars — if you could only read the writing in Ukrainian by S--k of Toronto you would not only laugh till you cried, but immediately summon your committee and decide to accept the above-mentioned author into your circle as a life member. Indeed, there is every reason for this.

"Why do people in Canada continue to send parcels to their relatives?" S--k ponderously asks in the *Ukrainian News*. And, mimicking like a clown, supplies the answer: "Those who have eyes see and cannot help but see; those who have ears hear and cannot help but hear, that Ukraine is an oppressed country, that the Ukrainian people live a hard and miserable life. That is why we in Canada help our brothers."

Ukrainian people, do you see what kind of "friends" they declare themselves to be? They hang around foreign quarters but "grieve" for your fate, strive to slander you and cast a slur upon you before the whole world. How many times have these nationalist "benefactors" tried to lull your vigilance to catch you by the throat with a treacherous hand and make you bend your back under a foreign yoke, to mock you, to trample your love of freedom, your honor and glory? When you began to build the Ukrainian Soviet state on the ruins of the czarist autocracy overthrown by the Great October Socialist Revolution, you were assaulted as if by mad wolves not only by German, Polish, French, English and American aggressors but also by the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists.

They were friendly even with the czarist generals, were ready for foreign intervention, ready for the revival of czarism if only to make it impossible for the people to take power and to become masters of their destiny.

Copying the expression from the *Ukrainian News*, we would put it a bit different: "Those who had eyes saw and could not help but see; those who had ears heard and could not help but hear" what the bourgeois nationalists were up to in Ukraine during World War II. Fawning like faithful dogs around the legs of the German fascists, sicked on by their master and from their own desire to curry favor with him, they tried their fangs on the body of Ukraine who was exhausted in the struggle against the enemy. Their path through Ukraine was lined by many a gallows, by corpses and charred ruins. They helped the invaders plunder Ukraine and counseled them how best to do it. When the German fascists needed slave labor, the nationalists, recalling the methods of the janissaries in the calamitous times of the Tatar-Turkish invasions of Ukraine, wasted no time in rounding up the live booty and organized slave markets and the abominable slave trade route running from Ukraine to Germany. They tore through Ukraine like bloodthirsty werewolves so that the land ran with blood; they filled wells with corpses, and raged no less than the Hitlerites. During World War II the treacherous tribe of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists revealed with particular clarity what it was up to, openly showing its fierce hostility to the Ukrainian people. It is no wonder, when the Soviet peoples came together as a united Herculean force and struck out at fascism putting it to rout, that the bourgeois nationalists took to their heels so fast that they even left their shoes behind. And some, for instance the *tumy* from the

Ukrainian News, only looked back when they were safely across the ocean.

Yet today they take an interest in us again. Living like beggars on the handouts they receive from the imperialists, they pose as "fighters" for the Ukrainian people. You try in vain, Messrs. Bankrupts! The Ukrainian people fought without your help to win their Ukrainian state and introduced a system that suited them best. And if the itch to fight has really come over you, you had better fight for your own liberation from the imperialist dog collar. To begin with, for example, send a petition to the US Congress to say that you categorically and for ever refuse to take the bribes offered you as national traitors, declare that you will no longer be their accessible prostitutes, that you have stopped providing sacrificial victims for use as spies, saboteurs and liars, and that you will stop coming out against the Soviet Union as an independent force. This would be truly chivalrous of you! Otherwise, what kind of knights are you, if you wear dog collars and are kept on the leash?

The Ukrainian people have won world-wide fame. Ukraine is one of the mightiest states in Europe, making a real contribution to help the backward and developing countries in their struggle for freedom and independence. People of all continents remember with gratitude Ukraine's sincere and disinterested aid, while the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists grind out on their street-organs that they are saving us by sending parcels. What shameless impudence! As if a mere hundred, or even a few hundred parcels arriving from Canada in a country with a population of 42,000,000 could be regarded as assistance or salvation. Such a self-centered mentality is quite natural for the bourgeois nationalists, for they live on handouts

themselves. But normal people can easily estimate the level of the nationalists' mental horizon. Since olden times in Ukraine the giving of presents has been traditional practice — from mother to daughter, sister to brother, grandfather to grandson, father-in-law to daughter-in-law. People always gave and continue to give presents, and not only from distant parts but from neighboring villages or outlying parts of the same village. Just as they bring back home presents from a fair. Besides, after the war that raged through Ukraine, many families had no news of their near and dear ones for years. And a son, who once left for Canada in search of a living, at long last learns that his mother and sister are alive though they don't live any more in the family home which the nationalists burned down during the occupation, after they had tortured his brother to death for refusing to serve the fascists. The son finds out that they live in another village after his sister got married. And like a swallow to its nest, a letter for mother flies to the new address and the son sends presents to his mother, sister and nephews. For the son is a decent, honest man who doesn't forget the traditions of his countrymen. It never occurs to him that his parcel may be looked upon as anything more than a simple present, or that some political strings may be attached to it. But the nationalistic *tumy* try to make political capital even out of feelings of kinship. How shameful, how disgraceful!

The nationalist *tumy* are angry with us for being too forthright, for our lack of delicacy for calling a spade a spade, for telling the people the truth and using sharp language in our speeches criticizing the nationalists. You see, they would even meet us half way on many questions if only, for instance, we "left in peace" Hetman Mazepa and did not call him traitor.

True, Mazepa should not have been called a plain traitor — Super-traitor would have been more correct. But this the nationalists would have liked even less. Well, but what else can you call him? The nationalists allege that by openly “branding” Mazepa a traitor we are only fulfilling the “will of Moscow,” and that we toady to the Russians. But let us ask our opponents, why do we need to make such advances? The friendship between the Ukrainian and Russian peoples is not only old, strong and sincere, but from the times of the October Socialist Revolution it has been based on the revolutionary and inter-national principles of equal rights which call for neither subordination nor superiority, neither for the bended knee nor overlordship. In the fraternal family of the Soviet peoples there is no favoritism or discrimination, and the Ukrainian people stand on an equal footing with the rest of the Soviet nations.

It is quite clear that by betraying the Russians and taking the side of Charles XII and his Polish gentry collaborators, Mazepa shamefully broke the decisions of the historic Pereyaslav Rada (Council) which expressed the free will of all the Ukrainian people — so he wholly deserves to be branded traitor. But Mazepa’s guilt does not lie only in this. Putting it frankly, the czarist throne had hardly ever known such a faithful toady as Mazepa before who, for the sake of personal gain, was ready to sacrifice Ukraine for a mere song. For the blood which was shed in Ukraine, for the false denunciations and axed heads, for the hard-labor punishments and torment of Semen Paliy and many thousands of his kind who were true sons of their nation, Mazepa received grants of land, villages, and expensive royal gifts. For the harm he wrought upon the Ukrainian people, he was awarded the Order of St. Andrew the First-Called. Notably,

before Mazepa, only the Czar and Prince Golovin were awarded this order. Thus, for him, this was not just an offhand reward but a commendation for very exceptional service.

How many Cossacks and toilers died because of the will of Mazepa in the interests of the Polish crown and the Polish gentry. While devastation swept Ukraine, new graves were dug, widows and orphans mourned, but Mazepa brought royal gifts to his residence in the town of Baturin and boasted of the Order of the White Eagle given him by the Polish King.

Later, for the sake of Princess Dolska's skirt, Mazepa sold himself to the Swedes, and conspired with the Jesuits and the Polish gentry. No sooner did he receive his advance payment from Charles XII, than Mazepa had to flee Ukraine as fast as possible. The people renounced that would-be Moses who betrayed them — and cursed him for all time to come. Even one of the Western historians writes that "all the Ukrainian people renounced him." There is no need of any philosophizing on the matter because, as the saying goes: a gentleman is known by his manners. The Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists strive to turn Mazepa into a saint, make him their prophet and king. Let them do what they wish, it doesn't bother us, for everybody is already well aware that once the nationalists boast of something it is sure to be filth. For us, Mazepa was and is a traitor, a scoundrel and an evil enemy of the Ukrainian people.

As people say: "What the bull gets used to, he roars for." This is the same with the Ukrainian nationalists. What bothers them most is that Ukrainians live with Russians in friendship and fraternity, and there has long been no disagreements between them.

Such a situation doesn't suit the nationalists at all, for, if it weren't for this friendship and brotherly aid from the Russians, the nationalists would have been able to sell out Ukraine to foreign merchants. This could have happened after the First World War. It could have happened even during the Hitlerite invasion, but it did not: in those grim and severe times for the Ukrainian people, the mighty Russian people came to their aid. After all, the terrible ordeals which the Russian and Ukrainian peoples endured together is not like simply sitting out a shower. And that is why our unity is so strong and unbreakable.

As a matter of fact, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists are not against maintaining relations with the Russians, but only with those Russians who are their equals so far as treason, venality or corruptness is concerned, that is, with reactionaries, spies, and saboteurs from the White Guard emigré swamp. In April 1953, four spies were caught in Ukraine: Lakhno, Makov, Gorbunov and Remiha, who had finished a German spy school in Frankfurt, and were infiltrated onto Ukrainian territory by American Intelligence with the mission of killing people, carrying out acts of espionage, terror and sabotage, and generally bringing harm to the Ukrainian people. This group of spies was composed of Russian and Ukrainian traitors to their peoples, and such a union, such "friendship" did not arouse the anger of any of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. On the contrary, they boasted of it — God grant, they said, more of the like! But the unity between Ukrainians and Russians in their struggle for the good of their people, for their bright future — this, for the nationalists, is a cut of a sharp razor, a blow to the heart, salt on a wound, a poisonous snakebite, a fatal convulsion: quite enough to make one's eyes pop out of their sockets!

The nationalists approved of the violation of the Soviet airspace by an American aircraft. Afraid of their stocks losing value on the American spy market, they say that espionage should be continued and promoted over Ukrainian territory. Analyzing Powers' reconnaissance flight, they reproach him for one thing: the pilot, they say, forgot that Soviet soldiers, as the last war showed, are very good shots. If Powers had kept this in mind and had looped and flown zigzag instead of following his present course, if he had waggled his rudder more like a cow in the hot summer chasing away flies, he would have got away with it. But don't worry, he couldn't have. Even if his plane had had a tail made of the flexible Ukrainian nationalist lying tongues, it would not have helped him in the least. Remember once and for all, that no zigzags will help any enemy, planning evil against our people, to evade severe punishment.

Leavened by the yeast of reactionary dope, the *Ukrainian News* bubbles over with different "sympathies" and "advice" for the Ukrainian people. Look, they say, how much we care, how anxious we are about you. Why, for instance, they ask, has Ukraine no army of its own? We advise you to build your own Ukrainian army.

"But why do we need our own army?" any Ukrainian you meet by chance would ask. Wasn't it enough that Ukraine's enemies were destroyed by the Soviet Army which also included the sons of the Ukrainian people? If you don't trust the generals and armies of czarism, of the Polish gentry, of German fascism and others of the like who were beaten in Ukraine, then go ask the chaplain of the janissaries of the SS Division Halichina, Vasil Laba, who often writes for the *Ukrainian News*, and he will tell you how the traitors of Ukraine were smashed by Ukrain-

ian soldiers fighting jointly with other soldiers of the Soviet Army.

It is neither the Ukrainian people nor a Ukrainian army that you are anxious about, you sly nationalistic hounds! You want the military might of Ukraine weakened, and that's why you raise a fuss over a separate army. The security of Ukraine is now guarded by the entire Soviet Army, and that means all your treacherous hopes can be "written off as a loss." For us, this question is plain, and will remain so in accordance with the will of the people.

The Soviet Army completely satisfies the Ukrainian people. It has defended their freedom, destroyed fascism, and guards their peaceful labor against imperialist aggressors to whom you have sold yourselves. The Soviet Army is a friendly, fraternal and multinational army, and it brings up the Ukrainian youth to be heroes like Philip Poplavsky and Anatoly Kruchkovsky who, together with their friends, Russian Ivan Fedotov and Tatar Askhat Ziganshin, faced the stormy elements of the ocean and surprised the whole world with their feat.

As regards the chivalrous, fighting traditions of the Ukrainian people (your relationship with these is, of course, the very smallest, for you are the personification of the lowest treachery, betrayal and desertion), we do not forget them and successfully develop them. In the Soviet Army, one finds scores of Ukrainians who are talented military leaders, marshals, generals, admirals, officers, and sergeants. In military academies and schools in the Soviet Army, they study military history beginning from the times of Kievan Rus, i. e. from the 9th century. They study the organization of the armed forces, battle formations and military operations of the Ukrainian Princes and generals, of the Zaporozhian Sich, the glorious libera-

tion war under Bohdan Khmelnytsky, the operations of Russian and Ukrainian troops at the Battle of Poltava against Ukraine's evil enemies — Charles XII and his treacherous underling Hetman Mazepa.

The writers of Lviv frequently speak at literary soirees held in military units. We writers speak Ukrainian and Ukrainian soldiers ask us questions in their native tongue; others question us in Russian, and nobody complains — sincere, fraternal friendship rules. Recently, we Lviv writers spoke to Leningrad audiences and we also visited military units there. We also used the Ukrainian tongue and witnessed the strong friendship existing in the fraternal military family of Ukrainian and Russian soldiers, sailors and officers. In military libraries and barracks, we saw works by Taras Shevchenko, Ivan Franko, Lesya Ukrainka, Mikhailo Kotsyubinsky and many other Ukrainian writers, not only of yesterday but also of today. We listened to Ukrainian songs sung in a chorus by Ukrainian, Russian, Georgian, Moldavian, Byelorussian and Armenian soldiers. Quite a number of Ukrainians are commanders of military districts and units. During military parades Ukrainian marches are played. And after all this, what better army could Ukrainians wish for?

“Refuting” irrefutable and undeniable facts about the tremendous development of Ukrainian culture in Soviet times, this certain S--k in the *Ukrainian News* seems especially fastidious in his “analysis” of the publishing activities in Ukraine. I admit that I was rather worried over the problem, because, judging by the list of titles and the number of published copies of books by Ukrainian authors the *Ukrainian News* presented, there appeared an unattractive picture. Incidentally, this anonymous representative of the *tummy* breed asserted that a mere 30,000 copies of Shevchenko's *Kobzar* was put out by the Derzhlitvidav (State Lit-

erary Publishing House) and only 15,000 copies of Mikhailo Stelmakh's novel *People's Blood Is Not Water* were published. I was greatly astonished at these figures, but remembered that the newspaper is nationalist and the nationalists are lying hacks — so I decided to check up for my own satisfaction. I sent out enquiries to the corresponding establishments and officials, and soon I received replies. The director of the Ukrainian SSR Book Chamber informed me that Shevchenko's *Kobzar* was published in Ukraine in 51 editions in a total of 1,786,000 copies, including 48 editions in Ukrainian, totalling 1,763,000 copies. The director of Derzhlitvidav informed me that Shevchenko's *Kobzar* is published almost every year. For example, the edition of the *Kobzar* referred to in the *Ukrainian News* totalled 100,000 copies. And this was in 1960 alone, and only by one of the publishing houses. In 1961 Derzhlitvidav issued 400,000 copies of Shevchenko's *Kobzar*.

As you see, the nationalists try to lie, sowing disbelief and suspicion about Ukraine among the emigrants.

Mikhailo Stelmakh also sent me an answer. It turns out that the novel *People's Blood Is Not Water* was put out in Kiev in two editions of 65,000 copies each — this, apart from it being printed in the *Zhovten* magazine which then had a circulation of 15,300 copies. All these figures are larger than those given by the nationalist statisticians. At present another edition of the novel is under preparation. In the Russian Federation it was also published in two editions totalling 165,000 copies. It was also printed in the *Roman Hazeta* magazine with a circulation of 500,000 copies. And yet another edition of 75,000 copies will be coming out in Moscow. A large number of copies of the novel were printed in the Czech, Slovak, Rumanian, Bulgarian, German, Chinese, Finnish, Lithuanian and Polish languages;

and in the *Soviet Literature* magazine it appeared in English, French, German and Spanish.

So there's the truth for you — an objective picture of the publication of Ukrainian literature (two examples only) and its popularity. This is a common example of the nonsense and lies the nationalist newspapers and journalists resort to.

Another thing that touched me was the way the nationalists worry about the "decrease in circulation of certain magazines." Taking the circulation of *Vitchizna* (Homeland) for 1958, which stood at 21,000 copies, and comparing it with the 1959 figure of 17,000 and comparing the circulation of *Zhovten* for 1958 (15,300 copies) with the No. 9 issue of 1959 with a circulation of 10,500 copies, the nationalists draw the conclusion (and here again they ply a big lie) that there is a decline of the "Ukrainian spirit" in Ukraine's literary periodicals. Isn't this a bit too hasty and irresponsible a conclusion to come to? And what will the nationalists have to say now, when the circulations of our magazines have begun shooting up. Today, *Vitchizna* is published in a circulation of 17,000 and *Zhovten* in 11,000 copies *. And the nationalists know perfectly well what this circulation means, because for them a "golden" circulation would be somewhere between 1,000 and 2,000. A magazine or newspaper cannot be forced upon the Soviet reader, for he is rather exacting about his reading matter. The number of subscribers to a magazine depends on its contents and artistic level and on the interest and esthetic pleasure it has for the reader. We work with this aim in mind — the satisfaction of the spiritual demands of the reader — and this determines the circulation of our publications. If the nationalists

* At present, the circulation of *Vitchizna* is over 25,000 copies, and *Zhovten* — some 16,000.

want to help us raise the circulation, they are welcome — nobody has any objection. We, for example are ready to print 5,000 (or as many as are desired) additional copies of *Zhovten* every month for abroad, if only they reach the people! But that's precisely where the trouble lies. The Ukrainian nationalist screechers abroad prevent our publications from reaching the emigrant masses because they are afraid of the truth we print. Subscribing for only one copy each of our magazines for their "archives," they only hunt through them in search of a quotation they could exploit to pervert reality, to make nonsensical conclusions about the horrors and terror in Ukraine, to stuff their readers with lies, to arouse dread, cautiousness and distrust of everything coming from Ukraine.

It is interesting to know how publishing and journalistic affairs are managed in America which the nationalists praise to the skies. The well-known American author Erskine Caldwell testifies that book publishing is too expensive in America and the younger generation of writers have not created anything of value, more or less. The big publishers, according to Caldwell, do not release books by young authors until they make a name for themselves, and this doubtlessly puts a brake on the development of literature. As to literary periodicals, Caldwell says that in America there are no large, regularly published literary magazines. There are a certain number of small publications, but they do not stay in business long because they cannot make out financially. Caldwell further admits that Soviet readers are the best readers in the world. And surely an American writer ought to know the literary and cultural scene in his own country better than such nationalist tramps as S-k. Americans don't need such "interpreters" of their way of life as the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. Nonetheless, they push in like stubborn

mules, either inside the American "fence," praising it to the skies, or upon our Soviet vegetable garden reviling it with all their might and main.

Besides, the nationalists complainingly allege that in Ukraine court proceedings are conducted in Russian, and even the sentences in the courts are recorded in Russian. Don't worry, gentlemen, in our courts order is carried out in the Ukrainian revolutionary way. Sentences are recorded in Ukrainian and carried out as provided by the law which protects the security and well-being of the Ukrainian people.

As for you, your sentences have also been pronounced in the Ukrainian language (so you have nothing to complain about) and have been approved by the entire people who name you traitors, mercenaries, enemies. These popular definitions have gone down in history in which you are portrayed as an ulcerous outgrowth on the body of the great and healthy Ukrainian nation.

* * *

And so it will come to pass: one day when the nationalist *tumy* gather for morning "mass," the orb of imperialism will not rise above their horizon. Their desired sun will not rise, or shine upon their sheepfold or warm them. Then zero hour will come for the nationalist *tumy*. In some deserted place a hole will be dug for them and covered with earth. Nobody will sing a funeral hymn over them, for their very offspring will shun the Ukrainian language.

ABN — ASSEMBLY OF BUFFOONISH NATIONALISTS

Taras Mihal

THE WIND BLEW LIKE A HURRICANE...

The company was select, but — the truth must be told — not one to command respect. Twelve men sat around a table, a round table at that, yet you could see at a glance that they were neither friends nor people of a single mind. They eyed one another like wolves and it looked as though they would fly at each other's throat any minute. It was easy to see that they had assembled to deal with a very painful subject, these scowling, ferocious elderly men — twelve, like the apostles, or a jury — and one woman, like an Amazon of the prairies or a Madonna of the nighttime boulevards.

“Our” company gathered in the dingy room of a Munich beer-hall, which still remembered the drunken orgies of the Hitler cutthroats of the 1920s and 1930s. They did not come to drink a pint of Bavarian stout or reminisce about the “good old days” when they had occupied cushy offices, but in order to carve up Europe and other continents into choice slices, move borders around and divide among themselves territories that didn't belong to them. They were able to do it only on the map, fortunately, for they didn't have the power to do more than that. And so, stretching heavy, veined hands to the soiled map, they heatedly raked in countries with fingers like talons.

“Up to here is mine!” yelled an old White Guard emigré colonel in a Cossack uniform of World War

I vintage. "This will be the mighty new power called Cossackia."

"I will found my Urals Empire over here," a second old gaffer babbled, covering a sizable chunk of Europe and Asia with his hands.

The Georgian prince did not take a back seat in this scramble. He tenderly caressed the mountains and valleys of Transcaucasia with his palms and bombastically shouted:

"The history of Georgia for four thousand years bears out that we always ruled these parts."

A frail man, whose pate was almost completely bald, rose, whisked the glasses off his nose and feebly beat on the table with his skinny hand, trying to restore order.

"Let the president speak!" bleated the Madonna, rising as well. She took them all in with her sharp, penetrating gaze and leaned her ripe, Raphael-type torso on the table.

The hubbub subsided somewhat.

The president began to speak in a rasping voice:

"The secretariat of our mighty organization has convened us, honorable gentlemen, worthy representatives of great and brave nations, not that we squabble and fight among ourselves, but to decide a very urgent and important matter. As you learned from the invitation letter, our organization, which is famous on both hemispheres, is putting out a map of the member-nations of the Bloc. We must immediately decide the borders of our future states and dominions, and also of that region which will be set aside for the Russians. Remember that the future of the world and the happiness and liberty of all mankind depend on how we decide this problem. Therefore, I appeal to your political sagacity and beg you not to quarrel and not to covet what by right belongs to others. Let us carry on as is

done in the civilized, free Western world. I may add, on behalf of the great empire which I have the honor to represent,"— here the president paused for a moment and stole a wary glance at the Madonna — "that the independent, sovereign, nationalist Ukraine has every right to demand a certain... hmmm... *Lebensraum*... pardon me, I shouldn't use that word — territorial concessions from our neighbor powers to the north, south, east and west. This refers, in particular, to so-called Byelorussia. It is no secret that Byelorussia has actually been Ukrainian territory from time immemorial, and therefore, in line with the right of nations to self-determination, we demand, we demand..."

A hard object flew in the direction of the president from that part of the table where the representative of the Byelorussian "independencers" was seated. The insulted chairman scuttled to hide behind the full-fleshed woman. The Madonna drummed on the table with her fists.

"Gentlemen delegates, keep calm and no monkey-shines, please. If you have no respect for each other, at least don't forget that there's a lady present."

"You're a witch, not a lady!" angrily shouted a portly blond man in the uniform of the pre-war Estonian army.

"Order your half-pint husband around, not us!" roared the fiery Georgian prince, leaping up from his chair. "Who do you think you are? Czarina Catherine the Second?"

A veritable bedlam arose. All began to yell, jumping at each other like bantam roosters and tearing the undivided map of the earth to shreds.

The bodyguard-doorkeeper poked his tousled head in from behind the door.

"Shut up!" he bellowed with the full force of his powerful lungs. "The cops!"

The plenipotentiaries burst into laughter. The fight was over.

"We know those boys from the old days," several spoke at once. "From the Gestapo."

"Mykola, back to your post!" squeaked the Madonna, and then began to pound the blueblooded Georgian prince with a spoon...

The scene which we have just described, dear reader, is not invented. Such meetings of "representatives of the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations" actually took place and quite often at that. Here is the text of an invitation to one of those gatherings that was held in Munich in the summer of 1949:

CC ABN *

SECRETARIAT OFFICE NO. 49/49

To the South-Caucasian delegation accredited to the CC ABN.

In connection with the next publication of a map of member-nations of ABN a meeting will be held to decide the borders of ABN with the Russian state.

We ask you to send delegates without fail.

This matter is very important and urgent, therefore we beg you not to disregard it.

The meeting will take place on July 8th at 14:30 in Munich, Dachauerstrasse 9, 2nd floor, room 7.

On behalf of the Secretariat Office

Mukha

Questions of state borders and other "political," "military" and "economic" matters were discussed not only on Dachauerstrasse (how symbolic is the name of the street!). Sittings, meetings and conferences were also

* Central Committee of the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations.

held in other Munich beer-halls and clubs, and in other West German and West European cities. And the trail leads farther yet — far across the ocean. A handful of individuals unite, then quarrel and part, write proclamations, compile memorandums, and gad about the globe. They study problems and make decisions on matters in which they have no say and can't have any. They fill the pages of various newspapers with low-standard articles, and always and everywhere beg for tips — in cash. Let us take a closer look at this grouping of emigré politicians. Who are they, these individuals who have so pompously named themselves the “Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations”, and whom do they represent?

People abroad have re-named them more simply, and probably more aptly, the “Assembly of Buffoonish Nationalists.”

BY TREASON AND BY BLOOD

Reactionaries of all stripes, enemies of the working people, have been setting up blocs this many a year, striving to light the fires of a new war with the aim of overthrowing the Soviet Union and all the socialist countries, destroying the democratic achievements of mankind and blasting friendship between nations sky high. But all in vain. The Communist ideals have demonstrated their vitality and strength. The mighty spirit of unity among the peoples in the struggle for peace, democracy and human happiness is triumphantly spreading through the five continents of our globe and winning ever greater numbers of adherents. That's what is driving the imperialists and their hangers-on among the emigrés in the USA, Canada and Western Europe

stark raving mad. That is the reason why they are going crazy in their political death-throes.

The Ukrainian nationalists through the *Tsentralna Rada* * delivered the Ukraine to the troops of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany and Austrian Emperor Franz-Joseph in 1918, and then their leader Petlyura sold the Western Ukrainian territories to the Entente-backed Poland. They called for a military crusade against the Land of Soviets all through the 1920s. Later the OUNites, "Hetmanites" and other nationalist henchmen placed their hopes in the "invincible" army of Hitler. When those illusions were shattered as well, they began to count on a new third world war — an atomic blitz against the Soviet Union. They are still cherishing that "pipe dream."

Many nationalist groups openly and unequivocally helped the Hitlerite occupation forces during World War II to destroy and terrorize the population of countries they seized. Numerous "generals" dreamed of entering ancient Lviv and golden-domed Kiev on a white horse, or on a common fascist cart, or even on the backs of their followers! Who of those homegrown Ukrainian reactionary politicians, from the UNDO ** deputies in the Polish sejm (parliament) to the OUN bosses, did not dream at nights about cabinet portfolios and the prime minister's chair?

Nowadays the Banderites are fond of repeating that they were opposed to the German fascist aggressors and had acted against them. That's what they say now! But it was none other than Bandera's "minister of war" Roman Shukhevich, bosom friend and brother-at-arms of professor-murderer Theodor Oberländer, who

* Central Council — Self-imposed counter-revolutionary "government" in Ukraine 1917-18.

** Ukrainian National Democratic Union — a bourgeois party in Polish-occupied Western Ukraine.

has been exposed and damned by the people — the same Captain Shukhevich who was General Taras Chuprynka of UPA, and is now Saint Elijah the Armor-bearer in the Banderite roster of “heroes” — who led the nationalist mercenaries in the ranks of the Wehrmacht to commit the bloodiest crimes on Ukrainian soil.

The thirty most prominent intellectuals of Lviv were shot on Vuletska Hill not without Shukhevich's participation. And it was Bandera's righthand man, his long-time “brains trust” and minister of foreign affairs Yaroslav Stetsko, who on June 30, 1941, ensconced himself in the premier's chair of his “independent government”, although there wasn't even an independent crack in that chair, since it was all made of German stuff and fascist spirit, painted with the blood of the Ukrainian people.

Stetsko now loves to brag that he fought against the nazi occupation regime and even that he personally suffered at the hands of the fascists. In order to disperse once for all any lingering doubts about Stetsko's true image, we take the liberty of quoting from the “premier's” autobiography, penned by his own hand, which was found among the archives of... Rosenberg. Yes, that same Rosenberg, one of the top nazi war criminals, who was hanged at Nuremberg over twenty years ago.

“Beginning with the summer of 1939,” Stetsko writes, “I lived in Italy, at Genoa and Rome, busy with foreign political activity and putting out a nationalist press service in the Italian language...”

(At that time Il Duce's secret service became the richer by one new agent — his code-name was Belendis).

...In August 1940 I arrived in Germany, where among other things I was effectual in preparing and working out the OUN's political program...

(Precisely there and then the list of the doomed Lviv intellectuals was drawn up.)

"...The very day that the German troops entered Lviv, I arrived there and proclaimed the renewal of Ukrainian statehood, taking over the leadership of the government in Lviv on Bandera's instructions... The government began practical work, organizing the economy, administration, militia, etc.

(Lviv people will never forget the pogroms and footing, nor will they forget Stetsko's militia, recruited from the most savage of butchers.)

"...striving to establish the closest possible cooperation with the German military and to help them in every respect, to organize with our own forces whatever assistance the German armed power might require...

(No comment. That's the gospel truth.)

"...Under the guidance of the Metropolitan and bishops of both faiths *, Metropolitan Sheptitsky ** issued a pastoral letter, in which he recognized the new government and called on the population to subject itself to it...

The old fox wrote a new letter...

"...The former president of the Western Ukrainian Republic (Kost Levitsky) supported the government and appeared together with the government delegation before the local German authorities...

(How else?!)

"...My conception of how I view the essence of Ukrainian statehood according to my creed... the ideology and program of the organization which I created can be clearly seen from my writings. It is in toto hostile to Marxism, democracy and all classical democratic ideologies and programs. In the field of politics I stand for an authoritarian one-party regime for

* Catholic and Orthodox.

** Scion of the Polish aristocracy, who headed the Uniate (Greek Catholic) Church in Western Ukraine.

Ukraine, and in the social sphere for national solid-
arism, which is close to the National-Socialist program...

"I consider Moscow and Jewry to be the main and
decisive enemy, and therefore stand for the destruction
of the Jews and the advisability of introducing into
Ukraine German methods of exterminating Jewry....

*(Horror makes it impossible to comment. Six mil-
lion victims!)*

"...We stand for total economic assistance by the
Ukraine in everything Germany may need and by every
means possible... That's my Standtpunkt * as chief of
the Ukrainian government."

"*Standtpunkt*" — how eloquent is this word ... the
last sentence of Stetsko's autobiography! The fascist
lackey even employed a German word, clicked with it
like a martinet clicking his heels before his *Schaar-
führer*. That's to make sure that he wouldn't be misun-
derstood, that nobody — God forbid! — should think that
he could possibly entertain some viewpoint of his own
and not the fascist *Standtpunkts*, that his support and
assistance to the Hitler German invaders should not be
suspected of being incomplete and unequivocal.

You don't need to worry about that, Mr. "premier"!
The Ukrainian people fully learned and well know the
Standtpunkts of all your actions and the "politics" of
your whole life. In the language of honest people your
Standtpunkts are nothing more than treason to Ukraine.

* (Ger.) — point of view.

A FASCIST'S "STANDPUNKTS"

During the several days when he occupied the premier's chair in a government which nobody recognized or respected, Stetsko unleashed a torrent of activity. First of all, he sent his declarations and appeals wherever he could. The very first, naturally, were addressed to his spiritual parents. For the sake of historical truth we will remind Stetsko of some of the gems of his 1941 "epistles," because he has evidently forgotten them, since he never mentions them nowadays.

On July 7, 1941, the "premier" despatched a message written in German to Führer and Reichskanzler Adolf Hitler, declaring:

"The universally known striving of the Führer, the German people and the National-Socialist movement to establish a new order based on the only just foundation — the freedom of peoples (*Wow!*) — gives us the right to expect that the restoration of their own state, which has been begun by the Ukrainian people, will be regarded as an act of historical importance. (*If wishes were horses...*) Deeply convinced of this, we extend to you, great Führer and foremost fighter for a new world order, and also to your heroic army, our most sincere wishes that your undertaking shall be crowned by final victory." (*That wish, as we know, came true the other way round.*)

To Mussolini, the Duce of fascist Italy, Stetsko wrote:

"...I send you hearty greetings and an expression of sincere joy at the victorious advance of your heroic army. Wishing your courageous people speedy and complete victory, we are firmly convinced that Ukraine will take its place as it deserves as a state-creative

factor in the new, just fascist order that must replace the Versailles system."

(Ukraine occupies the place it deserves, but not in a fascist order.)

The declaration by which Stetsko proclaimed his "independent state" in Lviv on June 30, 1941, is also worth quoting.

"The newly rising Ukrainian state will closely collaborate with National-Socialist Germany, which under the leadership of its Führer Adolf Hitler is establishing a new order in Europe..."

Stetsko's government survived only a few days, although its "premier" strove with might and main to satisfy every whim of his bosses. Hitler had no need of even such a lackey government, however. He foresaw Ukraine already conquered and transformed into a direct colony of the German fascists. So he sent Stetsko packing. The curtain was rung down. The stage director dragged the unsuccessful actor behind stage. The posters containing the kowtowing declaration of this "actor" still hung for a long time on the city walls alongside the posters of the Gestapo Oberhangman of Lviv, Hans Krüger, announcing the execution of innocent people. Krüger was recently arrested and tried at Münster together with other brutes of the Lviv Gestapo and Yaniv concentration camp.

Stetsko, however, keeps penning his declarations and ultimatums, only now it's in the service of other bosses. But about that later.

If anyone imagines that Stetsko's collaboration with the armed forces of Hitler's Reich ended with his brief career as "premier", he is mistaken. In the spring of 1944 when the last strips of Ukrainian territory were already being liberated and the Hitler empire, which was supposed to last "a thousand years," was cracking, Stetsko again offered his services to the fascists. The

price of this deal was paid with the blood of those duped Ukrainians who for one reason or another found themselves in the ranks of the so-called UPA — the Ukrainian Insurgent Army. Stetsko and Bandera formed a “pact” with the thrice-damned cruel enemy, who had killed several million Ukrainians and plundered Ukraine from one end to the other, for joint action by the UPA and the German troops in fighting the Soviet Army and the Ukrainian people. Can anything be lower than that?!

Evidently there are still lower depths. Stetsko and the Bandera gang proved it. Faithful students and followers of Machiavelli, they began to feverishly hunt for new patrons and bosses behind the backs of their allies, the German fascists. After all, of what use is an ally that is losing the war? He’s not worth a pinch of snuff. And what use is treason if it doesn’t benefit the traitor? That’s horsefeathers, not treason. Machiavelli, Dontsov and even Stetsko himself agree on that.

The new international nationalist organization, ABN, was to be the Trojan horse, which would save the necks of all the quickly repainted quislings, fascist henchmen and vile traitors. They were to travel a long way on the anti-Communist, anti-Soviet nag. Generous bosses can always be found for such filthy employment. That’s why the erstwhile Hitler mercenaries began to build their bloc with such ardor. The OUNites again played first fiddle in this orchestra, and again the Banderites and that same Yaroslav Stetsko were to the fore.

STILL-BORN CHILD OF TREASON

The last bloody battles were still being fought for the liberation of Ukraine when representatives of OUN began to conduct negotiations with the ringleaders of the Serbian, Lithuanian, Slovak and other nationalist reactionaries. In January 1945 the "command" of OUN instructed the leadership of UPA to come to agreement with AK (Polish *Armia Krajowa*) for joint struggle against the Soviet Army. The Banderites thus extended their hand to those whom up till then they had considered their mortal enemies, whom they had killed without mercy and whose settlements they had razed.

The parents decided to baptize their still-born child, ABN, in the spring of 1946. The moment seemed to be most propitious for the event. Churchill had just croaked out his vulture speech at Fulton * and the shadow of a third world war gathered over the earth. The heads of the so-called foreign sections of OUN realized that now they could disclose their child to the public. Especially since wealthy godfathers had been found in the person of US and British intelligence services. The christening was attended by Armenian, Bulgarian, Czech, Estonian, Hungarian, Latvian, Lithuanian and Polish relatives — all those quislings who during the early postwar years didn't have a shirt to their back and nothing but innumerable sins against their country on their conscience.

That's how ABN was organized. From the very first this international get-together of renegades enjoyed (and continues to enjoy) the support of certain influential circles in West Germany and various fascist-type

* "Iron Curtain" speech at Fulton, Missouri, USA, launching the cold war.

revenge-seeking outfits there, such as the "Alliance of Persons Deprived of their Fatherland." Through its affiliates in the USA, Canada, Australia and South America (the so-called "Organizations of ABN Supporters") this bloc of filth maintained the closest relations with the most reactionary circles in those countries.

The rickety child was constantly in danger of pegging out. Possessing no real strength of its own and without much support from the masses of emigrants, the ABN, undermined by internecine quarrels and split by desertions, barely kept alive. Its "father," the "foreign sections" of OUN, which now consisted of Banderites alone, remained the sole granite pillar of the bloc. Stetsko's position kept growing ever stronger. He was elected chairman of the ABN Central Committee.

This post was not accorded to him because of any spiritual or mental qualities. He was simply pushed to the top by the political situation: the fact that the Bandera group formed the core of the bloc. As to Stetsko's worth as a man and leader, let other nationalists, including his former associates, testify:

"The real aim that spurred Stetsko lay in his ambitions that far outstripped his capabilities. This immature character without the necessary experience and training, whose entire knowledge is limited to several dozen unsystematically read books, and whose experience consists of issuing several bulletins and articles of high school standard ... got the urge to become a 'spiritual leader.'"

"A speculator with a mania for writing," he "went in for very cheap and primitive melodramatics," and "Stetsko does not have any personal qualities that would give grounds for his pretensions."

That's how "highly" his friends characterize their former "idol" in the *White Book of OUN* published in 1941.

"Stetsko serves everybody and has no ideals," the "president" of the "Ukrainian National Council" and his partner in various diplomatic machinations, Andriy Levitsky, wrote in 1949. "He collaborated with the Polish *dwojka* *, then with the Germans."

"When the Stetsko in the well-known comedy by Kvitka-Osnovyanenko went about Honcharivka asking his neighbors, 'What's cooking at your place today?' that didn't hurt anybody. The modern Stetsko, wandering about the world (he has been to Chiang Kai-shek's China and Franco's Spain...) with his fictitious title of 'Premier of Ukraine,' exhibits primitivism, quackery and boundless arrogance."

That's what we read in a leading emigré newspaper.

Stetsko is an agent with many aliases. For the OUN he is Karbovich, for the Gestapo — Basmach, and for the Italian fascists Belendis. The names he goes under in the American, British and West German secret services are so far kept secret. The interview he granted the Canadian journalist Mackenzie Porter, which was printed in Maclean's Magazine of May 1st, 1952, throws some light on his image when he was already chairman of the ABN Central Committee.

Stetsko spoke with stagey familiarity about the destruction of Soviet armymen and people, and boasted that during 1944-1948 the UPA blew up railroad trains (in which the mothers, brothers and children of those who were blowing them up may well have been riding). Stetsko wouldn't be in character if he didn't tell the correspondent loads of fairy tales about the deep underground that was supposed to exist in Ukraine.

"With appropriate assistance from the West, the ABN can carry out an armed uprising in Russia!" the swindler hooted, inebriated with his own imagination,

* Polish Intelligence Service.

and the Canadian publicist accurately wrote down and published in a magazine all that nonsense, which even a child could see through.

It goes without saying that Stetsko considers the Ukrainian underground to be the most powerful in the Soviet Union. How could it be otherwise, when he, the wiseacre Stetsko, directs that underground by means of courier-knights who ply daily between him and Ukraine, bearing his instructions. For some time Stetsko even published an "underground" newspaper, the *Kharkivski Visti* (Kharkiv News) — in Munich, of course. But he wasn't able to feed his bosses with tales of the actual existence of an underground press in Ukraine for any length of time. He was caught red-handed and hauled over the coals.

But what has Stetsko to do with genuine facts! Almost every one of those few couriers who managed to cross into Soviet territory found out that the underground in Ukraine exists only in the sick minds of Stetsko and his kind, and surrendered to the Soviet state security bodies, issuing truthful and honest messages to their former associates about the actual situation.

It is sufficient to mention V. Kuk's open letter and M. Matvieyko's address to Stetsko, Lebid, Lenkavsky and other bigwig nationalist emigrés.

"As a former leader of the OUN on Ukrainian territory," wrote V. Kuk, "the commander-in-chief of UPA and the general secretary of UHVR, who remained all the time in our native land, I am clearly in a better position to know whether an underground exists in Ukraine or whether it doesn't. I consider it my duty to declare to the whole Ukrainian emigration abroad that the underground ceased to exist many years ago and that today—I stress this with complete frankness—there are no grounds for it to arise."

THIRD-RATE TRAVELING SALESMAN

In the mid-1950s the "president" of ABN got a new yen: to travel.

Where did he not go, what countries did he not visit, which of his sworn brothers did he not see! There may not be honor among buffoons as there is said to be among thieves, but there is a feeling of professional fellowship. Stetsko journeyed to visit Chiang Kai-shek in far-off Taiwan. Here is what his own henchmen wrote about that trip:

"A richly laden Chinese table and friendly conversation. Only he who has taken part in a Chinese reception can appreciate what it is. They say that on Christmas Eve we are supposed to partake of twelve dishes, and that is supposed to demonstrate the richness of the Ukrainian cuisine. But the Chinese don't wait a whole year for such a pretext, because at even the smallest of their receptions there are more than twelve very varied and dainty dishes. No wonder that at such a reception the disposition is serene and the conversation amicable."

We agree that it's not to be wondered at. Two lack-eyes of one boss have to agree around the feed-trough or else he'll give them both a clout. And no longer need anyone wonder what took Stetsko all the way to Taiwan. He wanted to guzzle various Chinese dishes. As for Chiang Kai-shek, it seems that he never could quite make out whom his colleague was supposed to represent, but he acknowledged Stetsko as an equal partner nevertheless and pledged him his aid for "the ultimate rout of international Communism." A joint communique was drafted and the two high contractual powers put their signatures and seals to it. We wonder which signature is worth less.

The ice was broken. Now Stetsko, transferring forty thousand dollars from the ABN treasury to his personal account (as his former pal O. Yakimovich testifies), began to roam about the world like — as the Ukrainian saying has it — Marko in Hades. He shook the blood-stained hand of Spain's executioner Francisco Franco (at last they met face to face, though they had long been acquainted via telegrams). He fraternally embraced the throneless Bulgarian monarch Simeon and Portugal's president Salazar, "the Lisbon vampire." He kissed the aristocratic fingertips of the daughter of Italy's ex-king Victor Emanuel III. He even found the courage to go to Saigon, although delegates to the 9th Conference of the Anti-Communist League of Asian Nations were not being exactly met with bouquets at that time (October 1963) in South Vietnam. But such is life! He simply had to extend support to a kindred organization and deliver greetings to allies in "the struggle." And although he was soon to weep bitter tears over the fate of his spiritual brother Diem, Stetsko still likes on very occasion, whether appropriate or not, to recall the "South Vietnamese mission" as one of the highlights of his political career.

In our times Stetsko takes every opportunity to call for the broadening and escalation of the war in Vietnam, urging the President of the United States and other American official persons to invade North Vietnam, drop bombs on the Chinese People's Republic and increase the US armed forces in South Vietnam tenfold. What difference does it make to this frothing warmonger, this ill-starred lineal descendent of Herostratus, that the war in Vietnam has been condemned by all decent people on the earth. Stetsko also spits on humane principles in the conduct of war. He is in favor of dropping H-bombs and bombing schools, hospitals and cultural monuments too...

Gallivanting about the world, Stetsko dropped in on Sweden in order to place a wreath... at the monument to King Charles XII. The one who was routed by Russian and Ukrainian armies at Poltava in 1709 so thoroughly that he barely escaped with his trousers. Stetsko called this king, who stuck his nose in somebody else's garden and got trounced for it, the "liberator" of Ukraine. Evidently Stetsko would be glad to invite some modern Swedish general to a joint "march" on Poltava, but the Swedes are in no hurry. Following that first Poltava, they have renounced military adventures and prefer to live in peace and quiet.

In his travels about the world ABN "president" Stetsko, third-rate traveling salesman, lodger at cheap hotels, guest of "governments" that don't exist, friend of "naked" kings, adventurer and buffoon, is accompanied by his suite.

FLY IN THE ABN RUBBISH PILE

The No. 1 individual in that suite is Stetsko's spouse — Yaroslava Muzika-Stetsko, whose family, OUN and ABN nickname is Mukha: the Fly.

Flies are filthy creatures, good for nothing but nastiness. That's why they are shooed away or mercilessly exterminated. Mrs. Mukha long fed at various emigré garbage heaps abroad before she found herself a more permanent location in Munich. At first she pounded a typewriter at a dump called the "Ukrainian Charitable Service." Then she got the urge to fly higher. And she did. She twirled closer to the trough at which her then already shopworn future lord and master was standing. We don't know whether Mukha brings her husband

black coffee in the morning, or how well she makes the coffee, or if she takes good care of the president's linen, but as for other things... She probably received thorough training at the hands of the great Stepan the First (Bandera) his very self, so now she serves her lawfully-wedded mate as lady of the court, private secretary and chronicler of his words and "doings." She can fill a small article with so much adulation of him that he later asks incredulously: "Is that really me. Slava?" At the same time she doesn't forget to praise herself for company. They glorify each other in this fashion without skimping adjectives. It's easier that way — you can raise yourself as high as you want to. Stetsko describes himself as "the outstanding ideologist of the Ukrainian nationalist movement" and an irreplaceable "theoretician." Mrs. Stetsko concurs: "It's true, it's true, he is such a good theoretician — who should know better than I? And now he's getting practical training too — under my heel." Nobody in the ABN is Mukha's equal.

Mukha in fact directs all the ABN business. It's not we that say so, but the nationalists themselves. They call her Catherine the Second (there's a Fly for you!), and when they speak of Stetsko without her, they refer to him as "half-pint." There are other opinions as well. At one ABN conference, when she demanded the bombing of the Soviet Union too belligerently, an Estonian ex-colonel nicknamed Madame Mukha "the damned witch."

The activity of Stetsko's better half is variegated, but she has a special compulsion to write. She preserves every step taken by Stetsko — and herself, it is understood — for posterity. Here is with what "profundity" and diplomatic nicety Mrs. Stetsko-Mukha described her meeting with Diem, the bloody dictator of South Vietnam:

"After the public audience our delegation was invited to a special waiting room on the ground floor of the building. Doctor Tien, the chief of Vietnam-Press, was the sole and silent witness to our audience with the president. Our meeting lasted twenty minutes. We briefly told him about the struggle of our peoples, and Diem tied in his remarks with those struggles. On the table beside us lay our modest gifts: a cross carved in the Ukrainian style and a sacerdotal vestment, and from the Georgians a book depicting the frescos and mosaics of the most ancient churches in Georgia. The president came up to the table, took the cross in his hands and said: 'I have faith that this cross will lead my people to victory!'"

A few days later Diem was buried and the "divine" statues of the Trang sisters were toppled off the pedestal. Later other dictators were driven off as well and today the Vietnamese people are giving the uninvited American "missionaries" a good trouncing. In other words, the symbolism was sure profound!

"Madame president" was next heard of from Paris. She let the world in on a piece of extraordinary news. It transpired that she knew of "a large number of illegal anti-Soviet radio stations" in Ukraine. You don't believe it? And that isn't all yet! "In Ukraine there is active partisan resistance, which the police forces could not subdue and it became necessary to bring in units of the regular army..." So there!

Even the nationalist sheets made sour faces at such unfounded verbal firecrackers, complaining that "they boomerang against ourselves." One of the scribblers proved to be without a sense of humor and commented on Mrs. Mukha's record of lies. "It is too bad," he summed up, "that Mrs. Stetsko forgot to mention the famous Banderite airplane plants in the Carpathian mountains, of which she boasted not so long ago, and about

the 15,000-strong Soviet army that went over to UPA and disappeared in the Carpathians like a pebble thrown into the sea."

The agile Mukha keeps climbing up the ladder like a genuine flyweight acrobat. She has good qualifications and a talent for it. Firstly, she is younger than the other partners and finds climbing more easy. Secondly, she's a woman, and that's no small asset when you take into consideration that the leaders of ABN are mostly highborn princes, former diplomats and generally characters who are accustomed to wear white gloves even when engaged in the filthiest and bloodiest work. Furthermore, Mukha is educated, she is a polished, so to say, intellectual. Yes sir! A person in the know may dispute you and suggest that she has only an elementary education. That's not proof, sir, not an argument! Mukha is now courteously called "Madame Magistrate" by the Slovak quisling Professor Doctor Diurčansky and even by Mr. Engineer Kashuba. The latter's utterances are sharp as though he were cutting with a knife. And he's a master at cutting. After all, he's the chief of the security service—a pocket-size ill-starred OUNite Himmler. You should hear how politely Kashuba exchanges compliments with Mukha:

"I kiss your hands, Madame Magistrate!"

"I greet you, Mr. Engineer."

"How are things, Madame Magistrate?"

"Everything is fine, Mr. Engineer."

"Whom did you have supper with last night?"

"And you?"

"Hahaha!..."

"Hohoho!..."

You may ask what the Georgian prince Niko Nakashidze and the Estonian colonel have to say about this. Mukha spits on those old gaffers. She gives them

their pay monthly as an official of ABN — and that's all. That's absolutely true, as any resident of Dacha-uferstrasse 9 will swear on a pack of bibles.

"Our" Mukha keeps soaring higher and higher. She has even mastered several languages. She has an extensive vocabulary of swear-words: Ukrainian for use at home, German for Munich market places, and English — goodness me, what she doesn't say in English! When you listen to her talk to an Anglo-Saxon audience, you can't help marveling where the record player inside her is located. It's always one and the same thing. Slavery and "action," imperialism and freedom, the cross and the sickle, God and Antichrist, the spirit and infirmity. Even such a slow-witted dub as Stetsko's bodyguard Mykola already knows the president's wife's speech by heart.

Just one thing has proved too much for Madame Mukha: the French language. She was and is drawn as though by a magnet to Paris, the capital of the world. She often visits there, appears at affairs, gets her clothes from the king of fashion Dior and has her coiffure made by the king of hairdressers Antoine... but she can only say "parlez française" and not another word. Highly paid tutors haven't helped. Her lawfully wedded spouse grew angry at last at having spent so much money for nothing and drove away the tutors. "It's no use continuing to try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!" he even scolded his wife. They can't do that — even in Paris.

Don't get the idea, however, that the Chief and Mrs. Chief are eternally bickering. Not at all. Often, holding hands, they go to watch the boxers. We don't mean those boxers which are a breed of dog. We don't even know if the Stetskos like that particular species of canine, although they do say over there that there is one dog of the ABN that is constantly hanging around

"Mrs. President" — such an attractive dog and with what a title!

Once upon a time, in bourgeois Poland, the entire "cream" of the males in Warsaw made love to a certain cabinet minister's wife. A book was even written about it, and the affair was filmed under the title "The Minister's Lady Dances." So why shouldn't Mukha also taste some of that glory? Let her walk with her husband to the matches, let her dance, let her get a thrill out of one boxer counting another's teeth. That's an encouragement to "action" and also pleasant entertainment. Later that experience will come in handy both in politics and in the home. The relations between the members of the ABN Central Committee often remind one of a boxing ring anyway. Sometimes this amateur boxing enthusiasm also prevails in the private life of the Stetskos. It was probably not for nothing that the "premier" once confided to a friend: "Oh, what a devil is living in my home!"

OTHER SWILLERS AT THE TROUGH

We devoted so much attention to the Stetskos not only because they are of our nationality but because they are top dog in the ABN. That flimsy bloc consists of other individuals too, of course. Long before ABN and other anti-Soviet groups with similar aims and tasks, such as "International Freedom," "Prometheus," etc., were formed, nationalists of various stripes were already conducting reactionary activities among emigrants in other countries. "Prometheus" was at one time led by the Hungarian nationalist Bilo Bilatti, the Georgian prince Niko Nakashidze and Ukrainian professor Roman Stal-Stotsky. Byelorussian Tomashek and that

same Nakashidze were at different times elected secretary general and the Latvian Berzinisz chairman of the ABN "council of nations."

Individual nationalist groups often took steps toward "unification." The three above-mentioned outfits were supposed to found a new "united" anti-Soviet organization, the "Anti-Bolshevik League for Liberation of Peoples." But can three dogs establish harmony in one backyard? Naturally, nothing came of those attempts to form a "united" organization.

The Polish chauvinists, who wouldn't accept the new borders of Ukraine at any price, were the first to leave. Then one of the Hungarian groups deserted the "bloc." The Russian White Guard organizations categorically refused to collaborate with Stetsko's "camp" because the ABN raised its hand not only against the Soviet power, but also against the idea of a "single and indivisible Mother Russia." Glazkov's "Cossacks" and the Turkestanians also left the "bloc." After a while the Byelorussian "sworn brothers" showed their heels since it became an open secret that the Stetskoites intended to "Ukrainianize" them in the future. The Czech and Slovak nationalists snarl at each other like dogs, and the Serbian chauvinists and Croatian separatists can't agree on the borders of their future states. The Lithuanian and Latvian "independencers" also can't agree. Though they are united in their hatred of the socialist world, they are split and set against one another by their hatred of their neighbors and other peoples. There's nothing odd in that. The basic feature of nationalism, as Bertrand Russell pointed out, is not love of one's native land but hatred of all other nations.

The reason why ABN has not fallen apart completely must be sought in the personal connections of its leaders with many secret service agencies of the

Western powers and the often well-masked behind-the-scenes assistance of various institutions and foundations.

Here are portraits of some of the "bloc" ring-leaders.

First we have the foreign affairs minister of the puppet Tiso regime of Slovakia during the fascist occupation, Professor Ferdinand Diurčansky, head of the "Slovak Liberation Committee". When Slovakia was truly liberated, the people's court sentenced this "professor" to death as a war criminal, but the U.S. occupation authorities wouldn't even entertain the idea of delivering this traitor up to the legal government — to them he remains a "minister."

Next is Prince Niko Nakashidze, chieftain of the Georgian nationalist organization and since 1950 a member and general secretary of ABN. This scion of the Georgian aristocracy has led a complicated and tangled life, progressing from appearances in a cheap cabaret to... the staff of the Hitlerite occupation army. We don't know how successful he was in soliciting music-hall girls for wealthy clients, but he wasn't able to recruit many volunteers for service in the SS from among Georgian prisoners of war. After the defeat of the Hitler regime he immediately transferred his services to the U.S. secret service. Recently he departed this world to join his titled forefathers in Kingdom Come.

Another Georgian emigré "leader" is M. Alshibaya, an SS lieutenant who was decorated by Hitler. In 1963 he traveled with Stetsko as a delegate of ABN to Saigon, where he "conducted negotiations" with Ngo Dinh Diem. Probably frightened by what happened to the latter, he now sits quiet as a mouse.

Then there is engineer-agronomist V. Tomashek, a Byelorussian by nationality and an SD Sonderführer by profession. He is one of the organizers of the "International Committee for the Protection of the Political

Rights of Refugees" and a general secretary in the rotating system of the ABN. When the plan proposed by Stetsko for the "annexation" of Byelorussia leaked out, Tomashek and his group left the bloc. Now this "statesman" has become the Archbishop of the Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in the U.S. Today he is called Kyr Vassily. Maybe he teaches his flock how to pray, but it is more likely that his old habits prevail and he reports what he learns from his parishioners at "holy confession." After all, habit is second nature.

Quite different is the biography and role of Vassily Glazkov, a cadet during the czarist regime. He was for many years the actual head of an emigré gang in Germany that called itself "Free Cossacks." A fanatical proponent of a "Cossack state" stretching from the shores of the Black Sea to the Pacific Ocean, during the war he organized the so-called "Cossack national-liberation movement" and collaborated with the Gestapo, and after the war switched over to the U.S. secret service. An advocate of the merger of the three anti-Soviet organizations, he was elected the first chairman of the still-born Anti-Bolshevik League for the Liberation of Peoples.

"Cossack General" Dontsov was the city mayor of Bataisk during the German fascist occupation. He is a member of the ABN "military council" and the author of its "anthem." He sings.

Alfred Berzinisz, who was a cabinet minister in several bourgeois governments of Latvia, became a member of the ABN top circle in 1946, when he assumed the post of chairman of the "council of nations." In 1949 he left for the U.S. where he became the vice-president of the ultrareactionary Society of Latvians in America. He wrote several libellous books which nobody reads and is the editor of the "Voice of Ameri-

ca" broadcasts in Latvian. Actually this voice of America is not welcome in Latvia, where the people say pointedly: "We recognize Berzinisz's voice, which we know very well from the bourgeois times. Can it be that America has fallen so low that Berzinisz's voice is the voice of America?"

We could tell about several other ABN chieftains who supported Stetsko and his clique at one time or another, such as the former Hungarian Horthy general Ferenz Farkan de Kizhbarnak, the "president" of the "Turkestan national committee", Vali Kayum Khan, who was formerly employed in Rosenberg's "eastern ministry," the killer of many peaceable Soviet citizens, and now an agent of the British and American secret service, or the Tatar nationalist Harif Sultanov, one of the chiefs of the "Tatar-Bashkirian committee," etc. The circle is small and distinguished only by its rottenness.

Dear reader! Lay aside this booklet for a minute, open the window and breathe some fresh air. We have just been among horrible people — renegades. We have visited the nethermost depths of human life, the filthy hole of turncoats. From the skimpy biographical data of the "leaders" of the nationalist organizations abroad that are affiliated to ABN you cannot help but see that each one of them has a lengthy history of espionage and treason, quackery and murder. Each one of them assiduously served the German fascist invaders and helped the accursed enemy to crucify his native land. Each one's hands are red with the people's blood. Every one of them even now is an agent of one or more secret service of capitalist powers. Each one dreams only of returning to his native country with foreign troops and of seeing the sun of his former motherland, where he was born and grew up, blotted out by bursting shells and the fog of nuclear blasts.

"Any kind of war would be a lesser evil to the peoples of the East as compared to their present condition," Andriy Melnyk, one of the Ukrainian nationalist aces, told an American newspaper correspondent several years ago. And although Melnyk was opposed to the ABN and Stetsko, every leading buffoon of the ABN and in general every one of the nationalist "chiefs" would put his signature to that sadistic statement. They are all alike, all tarred with the same brush: insane hatred of the Soviet Union and the lofty ideals of Communism.

THE STETSKOS NEVER LEARN

Some people thought that in time Stetsko and other ABNites would learn something from the lessons of history. But, as the Ukrainian saying has it, "even a censor won't help a corpse." Stetsko and his bloc are long since political corpses rotting on the rubbish heap of history. They haven't changed a bit, although the winds of new ideas and new times, of the irrevocable epoch of the struggle of the peoples for peace, friendship and socialism, are blowing all about them.

"Our aim is to reconstruct the space occupied by the Soviet Union and Moscow." That's what was brazenly written in the program of ABN twenty years ago. Stetsko is mumbling the same thing today. We recollect that we heard that word somewhere before: space... living space... Why, that's from *Mein Kampf*, the favorite word of Hitler, Goebbels and Rosenberg. Everyone knows where it brought those lunatic "conquerors." But do half-wits ever learn from history?

The ABN moguls aren't concerned about such an "insignificant" fact that under present conditions a war of the capitalist powers against the Soviet Union would

be a nuclear holocaust that would wipe out whole nations and populations. They are in favor of war, they want to fight. That's all. Their politics, tactics, program and "action" are all based on war. The ancients correctly noted that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Don't look for even a pinch of reason in the program and activities of ABN and its ringleaders.

His hands being too short and too weak to get hold of atomic bombs, Stetsko battles with paper petards. He is past master at that. Moreover, Mukha pounds the typewriter rapidly and efficiently. So protests, memorandums and declarations fly in all directions!

No sooner is the current session of the United Nations Assembly called to order than Stetsko already has an ABN memorandum prepared protesting the participation of the USSR in it on the grounds that Ukraine should be represented not by delegates of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, but by him, Stetsko.

Whenever a representative of a Western power is sent to Moscow on official business, Stetsko's agents are right there to shove a message in his pocket: "Why are you going there, silly? You must talk with the Soviets only from positions of strength. The free world must discontinue all contacts with the Soviet Union."

Whenever the U.S. Congress meets, the President is sure to get a wire from Stetsko: "Don't forget to pray at the Congress for the fate of the Ukrainian people. Don't forget to adopt a new 'enslaved nations' resolution."

Not long ago the 25th anniversary came up of Stetsko's proclamation of "the act of renewal of the Ukrainian state" (that's how the lackey of the Wehrmacht and Abwehr today pompously calls the formation of the several days' puppet government in Lviv on June 30, 1941) and the main hero of that comedy be-

came reanimated. He organized boisterous banquets at Munich and New York, freely spending money collected from a section of the emigrés. Well, let the 60-year old revelers make merry if it pleases them to recall the days "of the closest collaboration with the German army units," as Stetsko put it in his autobiography, but they should stop at that. However, nothing doing! Their appetites are enormous and they still have some following among duped emigrants. So Stetsko announced the 25th anniversary of his "act" as a "measure" of the ABN. How many words were poured out, how many tears were shed! And all with one purpose: to open the purses of gullible transoceanic countrymen with the sonorous catch-call, "Whoever helps ABN helps himself!" The ABN Central Committee (read: Stetsko) published an appeal for the collection of funds for ABN activity. Oh, what a piece of writing! "Whoever is against prisons, whoever is against the kingdom of Antichrist, whoever is for man as created in God's image, whoever is for faith in God, etc.,— he is for the ABN." It is well-known that criminals, gangsters and murderers are against prisons. Maybe Stetsko expects to get donations from them?!

After publishing the appeal, the Stetsko couple again hit the road. They appeared at Dortmund, London, Paris, Darby and Rochdale. "Members of ABN have toured all free nations," Stetsko boasted at Rochdale, "and have had a great influence on Japan, the Philippines, Portugal, Spain and a whole number of Afro-Asian countries." Why not the United States of America, Britain, France and West Germany? And how about the nations of their origin? Why have you suddenly become so modest, Mr. President of the ABN Central Committee?

Maybe it's simply because you've got nothing to boast about. The ranks of ABN are growing thinner

with each passing day, as are those of the other nationalist organizations and blocs, and nothing can help them, neither your banquets nor the balls that are part of each ABN "rally," at which the pièce de resistance is the dance of "the fish with the lobster and the parsley with the parsnip" — that is, of Madame Stetsko with war criminal F. Diurčansky. As of now all that remains of ABN are only individual nationalist groupings — of former Ukrainians from the OUN foreign sections, Latvians, Lithuanians, Estonians, Serbians, Rumanians, Hungarians and Croatsians. But for how long? The ABN is like a putrid pond in the depths of a forest. On the surface it is glossy-still, but if you stir it you will suffocate from the stench. Slime and putrefication. When a body of water has no spring to freshen it, it becomes putrid.

Stetsko alone remains cocky in that rotten ABN atmosphere, whose present condition and prospects are both wrapped in gloom. We are already sick of talking about him, he leaves a bad taste in the mouth. But it isn't our fault that so far we haven't been able to treat him seriously. That's not only because he reminds us of a comic figure in Ukrainian literature, but simply that it's hard to treat buffoons seriously. The reader has the right to ask, however: Who is this Stetsko after all? A sphinx? An enigma?

We'll try to sum up our ideas about him.

The life, activity and behavior of Stetsko, his "deeds" and even his passion for traveling and meeting with persons of high office are deeply rooted in the character and psychological make-up of the "ABN president." Everybody who knew him in his youth and prior to as well as after his brief "premiership," and observes his present caprices, agrees that Stetsko is an unbalanced individual, suffering from megalomania — a sort of schizophrenic. He is at the same time a weak-

ling and very cruel. He is ready to march to his goal — to attain power — even over the dead bodies of his friends. As far back as 1936 he shouted that his ideas are so grandiose that to achieve them it's worthwhile sacrificing the lives of not only thousands but millions of human beings. Today he is willing to sacrifice the whole Ukrainian people, and not them alone. If you placed a nuclear bomb at his disposal he wouldn't hesitate a moment to use it.

His constant search for new friends among the "strong men" of the earth, or rather their shadows, has earned him the derision even of his friends. His attempts to expand the scope of ABN are another evidence of his soaring ambition. There's no getting around it, deep down inside he doesn't believe for an instant in the possibility of realizing his ideas and the aims which he proclaims to "the common herd." He is not so foolish as to believe in the impossible. All that is simply noise to attract attention and bring him fame — he wants to be famous. That is the alpha of his life.

The omega is — money. In order to be able to show off in the proper circles he must be wellheeled. He must have spacious, comfortable apartments, a de luxe automobile, a private chauffeur, a bodyguard, a whole suite of friends, a solid bank account and an airplane at his services. Stetsko has all that. The cost is covered by donations from duped OUN members and others, who are daily bugged by ABN agents: "Give! Give! Give!" Well, let them give if they aren't sorry to see their hard-earned dollars go with the wind. All that money will be spent on staging the maniac's representations and his other requirements including roaming about to visit the dark corners of the earth.

We can imagine what a to-do there would be if Stetsko were received by the U.S., British or French

heads of state! But so far he must remain satisfied with partners of his own stature, third-raters. Stetsko is persona grata among bankrupt politicians — after all, “the little Napoleon” has really achieved something by his importunity.

An irresponsible schizophrenic, he has been muddying the waters of good international relations this many a year, pouring streams of lies and slander on the achievements of the Soviet people and calling for a crusade against our country.

That People Should Live on the Earth! — that’s how Stetsko headed one of his articles, shamelessly paraphrasing the great Taras Shevchenko. We say to this damned man-hater who suddenly wrapped the toga of a peacemaker about himself:

“People do live on the earth! They love their motherland, people, language and traditions boundlessly and ardently. For the sake of the great future of their countries — Ukraine, Byelorussia, Russia, Georgia, Armenia, Lithuania, Czechia, Croatia, etc.,— they are ready to sacrifice everything they hold dear, to lay down their lives for freedom and independence. But among these genuine, decent patriotic people there never was, is not now and will never be room for renegades, traitors, spies, recent lackeys of fascism and present political corpses from the ABN — Assembly of Buffoonish Nationalists — who rant for war and are ready to deliver their peoples to dishonor and death.”

The corpses of ABN do not represent anyone, they have no influence on the course of events, and they are impotent to hinder the progress of their peoples. The Stetskos are sliding down a steep slope to oblivion as they deserve.

That is because the incentive of their actions lies in hatred of man, of their native land, of the successes and prosperity of their countries.

Ukraine is flourishing, growing stronger and winning ever greater recognition in the world despite the Stet-skos and without asking their permission.

Our incentive, here in our country, is to faithfully serve our people, to love mankind, and to lift our reality like a bright banner to the sun to bloom with all the colors of the rainbow — beautiful, grand and unique.

We are a people that is climbing upward. The great, lovely and rich Ukraine lives strong and free!

1967

THE CONFESSION OF A PLAGUER

Dmitro Tsmokalenko

When a man is about to live out his days, he wants to find something in his biography that would invite the interest or maybe even the gratitude of posterity. Consequently, there seemed nothing strange that Ulas Samchuk, an author who lives abroad and is virtually unknown in Ukraine, started recalling his heady youth and the travels of his ripe years. But it's not that which makes us wonder. His whole life must have been a miserable waste if now he claims that the most worthwhile part of it were the days and months of debasing service in Hitler's kennel before its hounds were unleashed on their frenzied eastward drive and during the time of the appalling pogroms that took place between the rivers Sian and Don.

The fact that Ulas Samchuk flaunts his fascist past in his old age can be inferred from the title of his essay which appeared on the pages of the Munich magazine *Suchasnist* (The Present), a freakish offspring of the Nazi tagalongs. *Astride a White Horse* is the unpretentious title Ulas Samchuk gave his boastful story about the times when he, accompanied by a bunch of degenerate pen pushers, stole his way into Ukraine behind the backs of the Prussian invaders and then beat it from Ukraine way ahead of the remnants of Hitler's warriors.

To be sure, the purpose of these memoirs was quite different. Twenty years after the aforementioned events, Ulas Samchuk, a most servile errand boy of Erich Koch and a fanatical slave of the Führer, conceived a

sudden desire to disown at least some of his sins. But this wasn't in his powers. His affection toward the carriers of the *gelbe Pest* (brown plague) are still clinging so tenaciously to his dark soul that he again sings the praises of his tutors long rotten in their graves.

With due apologies to the readers we now have to turn to the dirty primary sources, that is both to the present memoirs of this excuse for an author and to his writings which appeared over twenty years ago in the occupation sheet under the exotic name of *Volyn*.

It's hard to believe, but just in the way he did it before Ulas Samchuk now sends up his first prayer to his Jehovah Adolf, heaping the loftiest epithets on him and, besides, reproaches those historians who turn away from this "phenomenal person" in disgust. And he does it in a seemingly clever way by quoting from Trevor-Roper's foreword to the book of Hitler's crazy table chats (*Tischgespräche*). But this ruse in no way whatsoever prevents Ulas Samchuk from voicing his most obsequious "Heil!" to the old and well-known addressee.

"To Marxists in their out-of-dateness," the Volhynian hireling of the madman happily apes the words of the British "sociologist," "he was merely a pawn on the chessboard of events, a creature of dying capitalism in its last stage." But for both of the apologists of the Führer he was really "a giant, an expression of titanic force and ... genius. "Therefore, the two fossilized eulogists of the corporal find a common language — "a whole generation may be called for him and we have to speak of the epoch of Hitler as we speak of the epoch of Napoleon or Cherlemagne."

This is the smart way in which our memoir writer makes use of the laws of formal logic. If there was a whole "generation of Hitlerites," who more than Ulas Samchuk can now claim to have belonged to it.

And then, with the inside knowledge of a "secret" Gestapo agent, the ex-editor of the notorious *Volyn* reverently leafs in his memory the pages of deeds and intentions of the fascist gangsters and, besides, covers the margins of those bloodstained pages with clearly fraudulent lines about his "interpellations" in the name of national "resurrection" of a country that stood amidst total destruction of everything that could not be Germanized or hammered into uniformity with the Nazi yardstick.

"Honeymoon" — that's how this cynic and toady calls the days and nights of barbarous plundering of the Ukrainian lands by the Teutons bearing the swastika. Having burst through the Soviet frontiers, the fascist Huns were tearing on to the East, to Kiev and Moscow, while the Ukrainian "patriot" encamped in Rovno for the time being, idiotically enjoying the Gestapo-conferred appointment as Herr editor of the Goebells sheet if only to contribute his own howl to those of the mad hounds from the "Ostpropaganda" outfit.

Even to this day the ecstasy, which the Aryan from Derman (Samchuk's native village — D. Ts.) displayed in response to so "high" a distinction, has anything but cooled down. "I was sitting at the desk in my office," he writes in *Suchasnist*, recalling the pettiest of details, "when another visitor came in, apparently without waiting for his turn. He wore a gray-blue military coat with the insignia of a Sonderführer. Heckel, Hendrich Heckel. He shook hands, sat down, lit a cigarette and gave one to me. Many thanks. What can I do for you? He makes part of the military propaganda command in Ukraine, says Heckel, and is interested in our newspaper."

And every single following word of this narrative is bursting with gratitude of the nationalistic editor for the visit of the Gestapo mentor. "Everything was just

fine, the visitor said, but what worried him most were our prospects for the future, such as increasing the circulation, going over from a weekly to a daily. What about equipment, paper? Oh, we'll find the ways, it isn't much of a problem. We need a good press here. And he has already heard of me. It's good that I studied in Germany and speak the language. Incidentally, they intend to set up a whole series of newspapers in the Ukrainian language and I might be of help, say, in the selection of editors. Of course, that's possible. Fine. Everything's fine. Goodbye! See you again soon."

The following day the moved editor entertained that same Heckel accompanied this time by another Sonderführer — Fritz Weiss. To the great surprise of the "sovereign" ally they left him an instruction titled *Some Directives on Terminology and Subject Matter of a Newspaper*. In his present memoirs Samchuk speaks of that instruction rather sceptically, even with a grain of irony. And, it must be said, that in this case he sounds quite convincing. Indeed, did he really need any instructions, he, a Nazi ward under whose pillow a Parabellum gun never parted company with the gospel of the Hitlerite monsters — *Mein Kampf*? For even without any written instructions all that the *Volyn* under his editorship did from the first to the last issue was sustain a never-ceasing scream of hysterical admiration and praise of the Führer and his thugs drunk with human blood. It's revolting to take into your hands the first issue of this reptile sheet "embellished" with a huge portrait of the corporal with a dark moustache and a crazy bubbly stare. The picture is followed by a text full of assurances of so doggish devotion that could have scarcely be surpassed by anything the Führer ever received from his closest entourage of the "pure-blood elite."

Today Samchuk claims that it was only for appearances' sake that he was then "rendering unto Caesar what is Caesar's". In the meanwhile, you see, he and his nationalist confederates entertained other intentions and plans. But this is a lie, pure and simple. It becomes the more conspicuous when you compare at least some extracts from what Samchuk himself wrote. In the September 14, 1941 issue of *Volyn* the tipsy troubadore of the "Führer's iron phalanxes" was clamoring and swearing to self-abnegation — "Our only desire is to help the mighty army of Adolf Hitler achieve its purpose. We believe firmly and unshakably in its victory, for it is led by a man of extraordinary stature and extraordinary spiritual force — Adolf Hitler."

Not so long ago, in the ninth issue of *Suchasnist* for 1965, Samchuk, recalling that article of his and his other panegyrics to the creators of the "new order," doesn't fail to confirm: "Everything we wrote then was coming from the bottom of our hearts..."

That's how the Ukrainian Goebellses strained themselves. They went all out only to climb a rung higher in the service of the Gestapo, or to win an iron cross, or at least that exhorting "Gut, Schweine!" At times it happened that the slaves overdid their masters. One such incident Samchuk recalls not without a certain sense of pride. Hitler's troops were yet covering the ground with corpses on the distant approaches to Kiev, when *Volyn* spilt the "thrilling news": Ukraine's capital city had been taken! The editor himself commented enthusiastically on this event in a specially written article. Such a militant promptness made even the "Ostpropaganda" outfit pull a wry face. We don't know whether Ulas Samchuk got it in the neck for this promptness then, but today, after twenty-four years, he's still got the nerve and foolishness to present this episode to his readers as an almost heroic act on his part: "The reason

I didn't pay dearly for the article must be credited to Weiss only... After all, all of the articles I wrote then were sharp, trenchant, risky, but that was in my nature."

What these articles and his nature were all about we had the opportunity to see from his madrigal to the "man of extraordinary stature."

Ulas Samchuk's real feelings and thoughts betray him, denying him the opportunity to fashion himself into an adherent of Western "democracy"; they show his real fascist innards, making him write what he probably didn't intend writing.

As the ravaged Volhynia was bleeding to death under the boots of the maddened Vandals, their hireling Ulas found refuge amidst hell and let sweet dreams carry him away: "I was already dreaming of a separate building with many floors. Everything's going so fine, the readership increased, money poured in. The circulation would be running into tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions of copies. A powerful press concern, contacts with Europe, with the world."

And so as to adjust his feelings to the highest pitch, the memoir writer "tunes" his own dreams with the visions of the supreme inspirer of the Third Reich. "And what did our great Führer think about all this at that time?" he asks, and instantly he finds the answer which he heard intuitively, so to say (this was before the publication of the "table chats" which the madman was forcing nightly on his confidants in a forest near Rastenburg at the *Wolfschanze* headquarters). But, Samchuk points out, "we knew of his intentions already then." Every word of those "table chats" was to the liking of Samchuk, for he considered himself to be almost a *Volksdeutsche* belonging to the "superior race." "The Slavs are a mass of born slaves who need leadership," Hitler yelled "*Jawohl!*" — Samchuk jumped with

enthusiasm. And to forestall any doubts as to whether he really shared these ideas, the author of the memoirs makes it only too clear in his essay: "It was in Germany (Hitler's Germany, of course — D. Ts.) that I first saw what cultured people looked like." It was with a similar gratitude that the Volhynian "Swabian" responded to the following directive of the Führer: "The lowest of our stable hands should be superior to any aborigine." You see, Adolf himself was concerned about Samchuk's status. Samchuk had long ceased regarding himself as a Volhynian native. More than that, he felt he had the right to be an equal with those Hitlerite hands, for, after all, didn't he have friends among them, such as the Gestapo men Heckel and Weiss?

Our people remember to this day how the conquerors devastated the Soviet land, how many deaths they sowed in their wake, what sadistic pleasure they took in expressing their disdain of everything related to Slavic culture. The world was appalled when some of the crimes these murderers committed in our country were brought to light at the Nuremberg Trials. Millions upon millions of tortured people, almost 1,800 destroyed cities and 70,000 villages burned to the ground, 31,850 ruined industrial establishments, countless razed schools and extinguished centers of culture. In Rovno alone the invaders put to death 102,000 local residents and prisoners of war. Hardly a single witness of all these crimes would not but cry out, "It's a lie, you murderer!" after reading the following lines by memoir writer Samchuk, which he wrote at that time: "The country was throbbing with life, new schools, new organizations, new enterprises (?) were springing up in cities and villages like mushrooms after a warm rain."

But these lines will be probably the more understood by everyone who'll take into consideration such a rather essential detail: in those days Samchuk came to

Ukraine as an invader. So the only thing he's got left to do now is to engage in an obviously belated "defense" of his accomplices. And he defends them doggedly, with all his diligence.

Here are some other lines about the atmosphere which the nationalist bandit of the pen was enjoying so much: "Emotions, intimate passions, the play of hearts — all this inspired us in the hot climate of the war and all was imbued with some peculiarly cruel romance... Ruins, cars, Germans, Nazis, supreme command, propaganda, Reichskommissariat, POW camps. And the criss-cross of sentiments and interests — ours, those of the Russians, Poles, Germans, Bandera and Melnyk, Bulba, the UNR, the Hetmanites, the Independent Church, Autocephalous Church, Metropolitan Denis, Metropolitan Hilarion, Archbishop Polikarp, Archbishop Alexis."

Here again we have to apologize to the reader for such a lengthy quotation, but we would like to make it clear that this is a concentrated expression of the very spirit which inspired Hitler's mercenaries from among the bourgeois nationalist trash.

Every step the nationalist hireling made across the invaded lands of Ukraine, every one of his action in the spies' lair under the sign of an "independent" newspaper causes indignation and disgust. Take, for instance, his conceited description of how he and the Gestapo Weiss made their rounds in a Citroen of the "functions" held in honor of the "liberation." To these infernal "festivities" the invaders drove all those who had not managed to escape. And Ulas Samchuk was entrusted with making speeches at those "solemnities." Besides, he was privileged to share his intimate ideas on Ukraine's future with his colleague Weiss. "En route we discussed various subjects," reminisces Samchuk, "including how the Germans were to organize our Eastern

Europe after their victory. All that space was to change its appearance, many of its former centers were to cease to exist. The capital of the Reichskommissariat Ukraine was to be situated somewhere in the east, probably on the site of Dnipropetrovsk. The Crimea was to be turned into a separate colony under a special administration of the SS whose purpose would be to breed a select race of people of the highest physical and intellectual features. The whole Ukraine was to be divided into zones — separate for the Germans, separate for the local population. The task of the former would be to govern, that of the latter to do all physical work."

Now, twenty-four years too late, Samchuk tries to object somehow to his colleague, noting as if by the way: "I only listened and kept silent."

But here, too, the nationalist lie is pretty well obvious. What sense could there be in silence observed during a private conversation, if the same Samchuk was screaming all over Volhynia in the article we have already mentioned: "Our only desire is to help the mighty army of Adolf Hitler achieve its purpose." And the purpose of the Aryan claimers for more Lebensraum was expounded in Weiss' monologue in a sufficiently plain language.

Back in Rovno and inspired with the first results of the invaders' administration, the knight of the venal pen spared no effort in writing more panegyrics to his inspirers and employers, and even exhorted his subordinates to these efforts. However, he tolerated no competition when it came to eulogizing the Führer himself. He writes of this even in his present memoirs. Some crackpot sent to the newspaper an ode dedicated to the "heavenly eagle Herr Hitler." The naive rhymer didn't know that to extol the supreme paranoiac to the heavens was the prime responsibility and the innermost vocation of Herr editor-in-chief himself. The ode

was never published, of course. Now Samchuk tries to represent the whole episode as an expression of his "policy of protest."

And yet the "spontaneous" ode writers were not left without a subject in whose honor they were allowed to compose obsequious rhymes and have them published in the *Volyn*. This subject was Ulas Samchuk. He's still keeping one such psalm with a self-descriptive title — *To You, Mr. Samchuk!* The poetic creation has such "prophetic" words:

The best of everything I wish you,
Creator of *Volhynia* and *Maria*,
I wish you pen the best there is
To ring throughout Ukraine

There's no need to tell how cruelly that "prophet" was deceived. No one in Ukraine knows or wants to know the "best there is" of Samchuk's creations. But at that time he, too, must have added fuel to Samchuk's obsessive desire to extend his "operations" throughout all Ukraine. That venal soul was especially drawn to Kiev. To be sure, he was awfully scared (not without reason, either) of the Soviet people who had had to stay in the occupied territory. Even in Rovno, where his safety was guarded by the vigilant eye of the Gestapo, he fancied he saw a Bolshevik ambush in every dark corner. Out of fear he wrote that even among the people of the Church there were "two bishops who had been sent here from Moscow during the Bolsheviks' rule and had stayed and were now said to be the eyes and ears of the NKVD." The wretch could not help but see that Volhynia was about to burst into flames that would soon roast the skins of the German and Ukrainian Nazis. And as to Kiev, which he referred to as his "dream, fancy, fata morgana," it completely robbed the coward of sleep and calm. You see, rumors

had reached that "brave" bard of the "valor" of Wehrmacht's storm troops, that "bands of Soviet agents were roving there in the darkness."

But he was nonetheless drawn to the golden-domed city by the "mandate" sent to him by some self-styled official, Baranivsky. It read: "Dear Sir, the Ukrainian National Council in the city of Kiev has the honor to inform you that you have been elected to its membership." More pressure was added by the whims and caprices of Olena Teliha with whom Samchuk shared both the editorial office and his private quarters. Some joker had informed her that reportedly there were some Ukrainian authors left in Kiev, who would like to see no one else but Olena Teliha, the songstress of "the life of homeless tramps," as chairman of the "Society" of Ukrainian writers. So Teliha, Samchuk recalls, started running around, fidgeting and preparing for the high post like a bride for a wedding; many things were tailored, retailored, tried on — and all for the sake of Kiev. But, nonetheless, she thought she lacked style and was even coarse and corpulent. But where does Samchuk come in in all that? In his memoirs he quotes quite maliciously from a letter he stole at that time from Teliha. The fashion-minded ingénue was complaining to an admirer of hers from Lviv, that all her skirts had become "too tight." In the same letter she boasted: "We are eating wonderful *borsch*, much butter, eggs, sour cream, milk" (it seems Goebbels was speaking the truth after all, when he promised the hordes of plunderers: "This is a war for grain and bread, for a rich dinner table, for abundant breakfasts and suppers...").

Anyway, Teliha flew to Kiev without even waiting till Samchuk cleared his departure with the Gestapo. Shortly after, the Volhynian Führer-lover also left for the suffering city in the company of Petlyura's worn-out henchman Stepan Skrypnyk. The concluding lines of

Samchuk's memoirs overflow with gratitude to the Hitlerites whose countless hordes were pushing eastward and to whom nine powers had fallen. "And all this was done," Samchuk chokes with emotion to the last line, "so that now I could make my victorious entry astride a white horse into this ancient city of my ancestors."

We don't know whether Samchuk is going to continue his memoirs, which are a confession of a Nazi plager. We already know enough — mostly from his own previous writings — how much damage he caused to Ukraine then and what he is doing now in exile under the care of some Canadian patrons. It caused our indignation and amazement when government officials of Canada, which was our ally in the war against Hitlerism, granted asylum to the inveterate troubadour of nazism, who accidentally gave a slip to the gallows. Gentlemen, take a close look at this "citizen" of Canada. It is he who has been poisoning people with his venomous writings just as the Gestapo men were once poisoning them with gas in their sealed trucks, it is he who is defaming our joint victory over medieval savagery and barbarity — Hitlerism. He has even the nerve to admonish you the masters of your own order of things for offering him insufficient protection against ...the truthful testimony of those who are well familiar with his feats on the payroll of Erich Koch. For it was in an undisguised allusion to Ottawa that he recently wrote in *Svoboda* that in the United States the "honor and dignity" of writers like himself are protected by "the President, the Senate and the 7th Fleet stationed in the waters of the China Sea."

It could be that some of the hawkish politicians overseas simply close their eyes and ears to such remarks, because they are pleased by some of the threats coming from the uninhibited Goebbels' ward Ulas Samchuk, such as the following: "The future campaigns

of future Hitlers will not stop at the Caucasus and the Volga." We would like to remind whoever may volunteer for the part of a future Hitler how the career of their predecessor Adolf Schickelgruber came to an end. By the way, we would like to know whether Samchuk has an inkling where he would wind up under such circumstances? He would do well to recall that part of his former *Notes on the Run*, which describe Berlin on the eve of its fall, when the balcony of the Reichskanzlei did not see the "conjurer with the small dark moustache," for already then Samchuk and all the other Nazi diehards were doomed to be left fatherless for all eternity.

Finally, any decent Ukrainian cannot but feel disgust over another bizarre event associated with the same Aryan from German. It was none other than Ulas Samchuk — the composer of panegyrics about the "conjurer with the small dark moustache" — who authored such inhuman, racist books as *Volhynia, Ost, Darkness, What Fire Cannot Heal, General Taras* — on whom the first Shevchenko Silver Medal was conferred by the president of some Ukrainian scientific council in Toronto, a certain Y. Vertiporokh. Could there be a more scandalous outrage upon the memory of the great Ukrainian Bard? A distinction named for the great patriot, fighter and martyr found its way into the hands of the meanest mercenary and outcast who even in his last memoirs didn't fail to state bluntly: "Skovoroda's dictum 'do not look for happiness overseas' or even 'and you strive to foreign lands to seek the kindest goodness' (may Shevchenko forgive me) do not convince me."

Well, enough is enough, for as our great Bard said, nothing "can stop the inveterate soul of a villain..."

PEKING'S LATEST RICKSHAWS

Rostislav Bratun

A young peasant, just back from a visit to Peking, was enthusiastically telling about all sorts of wonders he had seen there. At night, when his father was looking at the moon, the boy said, "Oh, Father, I wish you could have seen the moon over Peking!..."

"Listen, you fool, do you really think they've got a different moon there?" exploded the father and slapped him in the face.

Wiping his tears, the young man mumbled, "What kind of a slap is this? It's nothing compared with what I got in Peking."

This old Chinese joke came to my mind in New York one night in fall when a veteran nationalist politician stated:

"We travel a different road from Moscow. Let's go to Peking..."

Well, go ahead and may God help you! After all, you've already been to Berlin. There you also gaped at the moon and received cuffs of Berlin make. And not only in Berlin, either. So there's now only Peking left to make your collection of slaps complete.

During my stay in the USA and Canada I often heard all sorts of discourses on the so-called "pro-Chinese orientation."

China seemed to be the talk of the day in the downtown restaurant "Lys Mikita", in the offices of the Toronto newspapers, in the lanes of the recreation

estate "Soyuzivka," and on the church perrons after services.

Here is how an emigrant feuilletonist, Iker, recounts one of these neighborly chats at one of the "political palavers":

"Well, how do our Ukrainian affairs stand?"

"In the present situation it could be said that they rather stand in a prostrate position. Big hopes are being pinned on China, but our politicians are yet to decide which China — communist or nationalist."

The Maoists' provocations on the Sino-Soviet border, the dirty outpour of hysterical anti-Soviet slander coming from Peking, the vicious attacks of the CPC ringleaders on the Soviet Union's policy of peaceful coexistence, finally Peking's overt flirting with American imperialism, and the visit of a U.S. President to Peking — all this became an object of close scrutiny by foreign-based nationalist organizations and was reflected in various emigre publications.

There is hardly nowadays a single nationalist "leader" abroad who would not be musing upon "global strategy" from the angle of the "Chinese problem." From the position of his own ideological farmyard every one of them is uttering prophecies and predictions, analyzing and appealing for action.

Recently the nationalist scribbler M. Sosnovsky quoted the pater of Ukrainian fascism, Dmitro Dontsov, on the pages of *Svoboda*, recalling the "theoretical" principles of his policy of reliance on foreign power. In his book *Foundations of Our Policy*, published in 1921, Dontsov urged to seek "alliance with those countries whose interests were at the given moment opposed to those of Russia... Should this or that country on which we can count be 'imperialist' or 'reactionary', it is not our concern... We must not make any exception from this rule and must lean upon any force which,

aiding us, pursues one and the same purpose — the division of Russia.”

Beastly hatred of the Russian people, of our country — the Soviet Union, of Soviet Ukraine which within its framework has been exercising her statehood for over 50 years now, has been the alpha and omega of the nationalists’ policy, a bourgeois policy which fully negates the interests and aspirations of the working people.

Anti-Soviet outcasts of Ukrainian extraction have knelt in obsequious bows before more than one idol. There was Piłsudski and Hitler, Mussolini and Truman! For, you see, they were against Russia. And weren’t they against Ukraine too? This fact never seemed to matter. Now they’ve found a new deity — Mao Tse-tung. You see, he’s against Russia too!

In vain would you leaf through the nationalist publications to find out the Peking dictator’s true attitude to our reunited Soviet Ukraine. Instead, you’ll read a lot about the blessings of the “cultural revolution” in China, although this sabbath of hoodlums has nothing in common either with culture or with revolution. But as a result of this “revolution” “nationalism triumphed over communism,” internationalism was overcome and the “nationalist image of China was revived.”

“The Chinese leadership,” states one of these magazines, “terms itself communist, but in its own definition of the word it is nationalist throughout.” This is what gladdens the hearts of the hirelings! And what about Mao Tse-tung’s negative attitude to the historic reunification of the ancestral Ukrainian lands Galicia and Volhynia with the Ukrainian SSR in 1939 and the return of Northern Bukovina to the national fold? This also can be hushed up. In the interests of a “great policy” Lviv or Chernivtsi could be “sacrificed.” And not for the first time either.

A Chinese proverb says, "A wise man needs only a reminder, while a beating cannot help a fool." But reminders of history never helped the nationalists, and a beating obviously failed to produce a lasting impression.

This Asiatic, so to say, aspect of the policies of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists is not that new after all. Take 1918, for example, the year when Soviet power was being established throughout the vast empire of the Romanovs. At the time a counterrevolutionary powwow met in Khabarovsk and demanded that part of the Far Eastern territory along the Far Eastern Railroad (the so-called Green and Gray Enclaves) be annexed by the bourgeois UNR. The struggle of the working people of the Far East in the early 1920s foiled these colonial aspirations of the Ukrainian counterrevolution.

In the 1930s the Far East again became the object of interest of the OUN which was then binding its destiny ever closer with the German intelligence service. After Manchuria had been seized by the Kwantung Army, counterrevolutionary organizations began to arise among the anti-Soviet-minded Ukrainian settlers in Kharbin. To reinforce and direct them, the OUN sent its gunmen who completed their German schooling by taking also a Japanese course in "Sovietology," getting ready for an invasion of the USSR. But this venture in the Far East, like the previous one, ended in total failure.

So Yaroslav Stetsko, the old political clown from Bandera's traveling circus and head of the odious "Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations" (ABN) and, besides, the present leader of the so-called "foreign branches of the OUN," did not let the "tradition" perish. As early as the 1950s he established friendly relations with Chiang Kai-shek and even signed a treaty with him on the

"ultimate rout of international Communism." Taiwan Radio started to beam programs in the Ukrainian language, which were full of lies intended for Ukrainians living in the Far East. These programs caused only laughter. The Banderites' anti-communist broadcasting campaign petered out. But the friendship of the two political corpses did not die: when it became obvious that the Americans, too, were prepared to sacrifice their puppets to their interests in Peking and voices began to clamor for a "new orientation," Stetsko lost his bearings and obstinately stuck to his loyalty toward Chiang. The ABN began going apart at the seams and a new pack was formed (this time without the Chinese nationalists) — the "Association for Eurasian Studies," while some of the Banderite insiders started spilling party secrets about the imbecility of their ringleader.

There was a new disaster in the air. One day during his "concert tour" of the U.S., Mr. "Premier," appearing at a public banquet at Normand High School, following some confidential conference in Cleveland, treated his listeners to a befittingly long speech (which he had obviously failed to clear with his wife), in which he said that the "Chinese are sending their representatives to organize subversive activities in Ukraine, establish fifth columns there, and "render them financial and practical support."

Stetsko's prattle about Peking's "fifth columns" and "support" was first reported in the New York paper *Ukrainski Visti* (Ukrainian News) by a guest who attended the banquet. His account was confirmed by a correspondent of Cleveland's English-language newspaper *Plain Dealer*, who was also present at the banquet.

Well, this is something which hardly needs commenting on. If somebody's prepared to pay, so let the old sclerotic Chiang Kai-shek go and jump into the lake. Friendship is friendship, but money is money.

Somehow that "fifth Chinese column" strongly reminds one of the proverbial fifth wheel. Is there any bandwagon left to which the nationalists have not yet tried to fix that wheel?

But to save their face and to demonstrate the whole firmness of their position, the "brain trust" of Mr. Premier, his wife Mrs. Slava Stetsko, B. A., (if Yaroslav would have been a more decent husband he would have purchased a Ph. D. for his spouse from, say, "rector" Yaniv, the Ukrainian emigration's top dealer in doctorates) granted an interview to *Svoboda* staff scribbler Leonid Poltava, in which she shed some light on the "world and Ukrainian problems," explaining that the "orientation toward red China is absurd." The one and only correct policy of herself and her husband, she stated, was "to rely on our own forces" and ... on the Japanese revenge-seekers and other Asian reactionaries.

But the party rivals of Bandera and Melnyk followers proved smarter. A more realistic estimate of their "own forces" has led them to the conclusion — why not jump on the rattling bandwagon of Mao Tse-tung's anti-Soviet hysteria.

In the Canadian *Montreal Star*, the bitter enemy of everything Soviet, Roman Rakhmanny, went as far as to claim that the chief reason of the Sino-Soviet conflict lay in the "Ukrainian problem." Both in this article and in his radio commentary predicting the inevitability of a military clash between the USSR and China, Rakhmanny held that the reason of all this was the "Ukrainian question" which, so to say, has become an Asian problem underlying the conflict between Peking and Moscow!

M. Stiranka, ex-editor of the Banderite *Shlyakh Peremohi* (The Way to Victory), displayed a special zeal in advertising the "pro-Peking" course. In Munich he also

makes part of the leadership of the so-called Ukrainian Association for Asian Studies, which operates a branch in Toronto.

Here is what the *Information Bulletin* of this Canadian branch states about the purposes of the new prophets of Peking's "resplendent sun" (i. e. Mao Tse-tung): "The said group of Ukrainian activists in Munich has already carried out certain measures in establishing contacts with the Chinese. They have sent the Peking Government a memorandum pertaining to the above-mentioned matters; quite a lot of literature in the English language on the present situation in Ukraine has been delivered, and personal contacts have been established." In another issue the publishers of the *Bulletin* reiterated their chief aims: "It can be expected that the anti-Soviet action under the new circumstances will carry even bigger weight."

That's the main thing so near and dear to them — "anti-Soviet action."

Much the same overtures have been made by the foreign affairs commission of the so-called Ukrainian National Council's executive, which declared its intention to "send information to political circles in Asian countries, including China." One of the chief ideologues of the Lebediv trend, Anatoly Kaminsky, bluntly states in his brochure that "from now on China will always be one of the decisive factors of Ukrainian foreign policy."

To be an ideological rickshaw-driver in the service of our people's enemies is a somewhat dubious honor. Such jobs won't take you far. In this case reminders of the past aren't necessary.

A certain P. Kashinsky went as far as to deny the common historical origin of the Ukrainians and Russians, claiming that the "Ukrainians belong to a completely separate group together with the Chinese with

whom they have a physiological-biological affinity" which even extends to a "common spiritual culture." To be sure, the author is wanting in originality — attempts have already been made to prove that the Ukrainians are related to the Germans.

I've heard people joke that nowadays psychiatrists have to handle patients who suddenly noticed that their skin was getting yellow and their eyes were beginning to slant.

Well, the spiritual forerunners of Mao Tse-tung — the Tatar-Mongol khans — also had their "Tatars" among the traitors. It seems some are willing to continue this ignominious tradition in the camp of the "Chinese"!

The nationalists comfort themselves with the fact that Mao Tse-tung's China is a much bigger power than the Taiwan regime and, which is the most important thing, Peking keeps on its unrelenting campaign of anti-Soviet hysteria and military psychosis. Consequently, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists cherish hopes to take advantage of the treacherous activities of the Peking clique for stepping up the anti-Soviet barrage. They derive special pleasure from the fact that in Peking's dirty mainstream of slander against the USSR there is also a flow of falsehood smearing the Leninist nationalities policy of the Communist Party in Ukraine.

And in doing so they again close their eyes to the Han chauvinism and the plight of the national minorities in China.

It isn't because of a good life that tens and hundreds of thousands of people are now fleeing from China. At a UN session this fact was confirmed even by the Chinese representative who was unable to come up with a better explanation than — "forcible allure-ment."

From time to time reports leak to the foreign press about riots among China's national minorities and the stiff reprisals that follow on the part of the Army. The eighteenth chapter of Mao Tse-tung's book of quotations is devoted to patriotism and internationalism, but in deed there is genocide and nationalism in its most hideous form — that of great-power chauvinism.

China's national minorities are being forcibly assimilated or even eradicated through various means. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese are being resettled into areas inhabited by the minorities so as to stamp out any local distinctions. By right of a conqueror, the Chinese seize the best developed lands. The autonomy of Inner Mongolia has turned into a pure fiction. After the boundaries of the Mongolian Autonomous Region were redrawn to incorporate large Chinese-inhabited areas, the Mongols became a minority in their territory where they now account for eight to ten percent of the total population.

During the "cultural revolution" the "Red Guards" showed an especially outrageous vandalism in destroying the cultural heritage and the historical monuments of the national minorities. The national Party and state cadres and intelligentsia were subjected to harsh persecution and terror. Ulanfu, Chairman of the People's Committee and First Secretary of the CPC Committee of Inner Mongolia, was accused of "advocating the study of the Mongolian language."

The culture of the minorities is being subjected to all-round assimilation, their cultural heritage is dismissed as inferior, and their national feelings and traditions are held in contempt.

Even against the gloomy background of China's economy, the economic situation in the national areas looks strikingly disastrous. National Party and state leaders, men of the arts and sciences have been either

liquidated or purged. This is what stands behind the left-wing wordmongery of the Maoist leadership and their revision of the Marxist-Leninist teaching on the nationalities issue!

Some of the present adherents of the "Peking orientation" would do well to recall their former idol — the "liberator Adolf" whose theories of racism, genocide and *Lebensraum* for the Germans and the Great Germany were to flourish on the soil fertilized with the blood of all of Europe's nations. Back in the 1930s Hitler openly spoke of the need for *Lebensraum* — living space to be acquired by ousting and wiping out the Slav peoples, Ukrainians included. But the OUNites kept pretending they didn't know anything about it, though to do so it would have sufficed to open *Mein Kampf*. Nor did they see anything in the 1940s when the fascists wanted to materialize their crazy misanthropic theories with fire and sword.

It's unpleasant to recall all these things today. The portraits of the possessed "Führer" with the tender inscription "Hitler — the Liberator" have long crumbled into dust. So the nationalists are now searching for a new idol and, who knows, maybe they are already commissioning portraits of the "most resplendent sun" ready to discard their decalog — the ten commandments of the nationalist — in favor of Mao's book of quotations. Anything can happen.

I don't know how much truth there may be in the report of the French weekly *Express*, that Peking Radio is now broadcasting programs in the Ukrainian language on behalf of some mythical "Ukrainian National Front." Also, on its behalf some Western newspapers carried "proclamations" of the Maoist-nationalist brand. And as before, everywhere it's the same old boring tune — the "liberation of the Ukrainian people."

Well, who is going to liberate us and from whom?

Only the most venomous enemy of the Ukrainian people and its Soviet statehood could have come up with such nonsense.

As to the "front" the Maoists invented, we can only say that our Ukrainian Soviet front is the one that runs through our hearts and which no power in the world can ever hope to break! This is our communist conviction, this is our force of international unity and friendship of peoples, this is the pride we take in the might of our Republic, this is our invincible spirit and our faith in the great truth of our age — the truth of Lenin's ideas!

There is yet another admission in the brochure by Anatoly Kaminsky, which was already mentioned here, namely that the "emigrés do not have even spiritual ties with people." True, that emigration of whom Mr. Kaminsky is a mouthpiece does not have and never will have any spiritual ties with Ukraine. But honest Ukrainian emigrants and many young Ukrainians who were already born in their present countries of residence keep intact the bridges of unity with Ukraine. Ukraine always warmly welcomes those who come to her with an open heart of love and not of hatred.

And again let us turn to the Chinese wisdom, for the Chinese people as such are not determined by ruling cliques, but by honest people, although attempts are made to deprive them of their heart and mind, their past and their future.

Once there was a shoemaker — so one Chinese parable goes — who had but one pair of soles. He nailed them to the shoes in such a way that they always fell off as soon as his customer left his shop. Following the unlucky client, the shoemaker would pick up the soles to use again. But once, when he was following one of his duped clients, the shoemaker didn't find the soles.

"Woe is me, now all my capital is lost," he moaned, bursting into tears.

Don't the nationalist politicians remind us of that very shoemaker who worked with only one pair of soles. For all they can offer on any occasion is always one and the same thing — the betrayal of the Ukrainian people's interests. But the number of customers wishing to purchase this unattractive stale commodity is rapidly shrinking.

LONDON ON THE LINE

Roman Fedoriv

The telephone in the editorial office of our magazine rang urgently. I picked up the receiver. "London on the line!" Well, if it's London, let it be London: you never can tell who is going to phone our office next. We have calls from Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia. We receive letters from Canada, Argentina... People all over the world read our magazine. They want to know about the latest publications of Soviet Ukrainian literature. They ask what interesting materials are to be published in the coming issues of the magazine. Why can't there be a regular reader of *Zhovten* (October) in the capital of the British Empire, too, I thought.

Presently, a screechy voice came through from the other end of the line:

"This is the representative of the Ukrainian workers community calling. My name is Ostapsky," he introduced himself.

"Hullo," I said.

And then came the dripping of crocodile tears from the other end — drip-drip.

"Oh, poor Ukraine!"

I didn't have to be a great psychologist to guess who it was. Evidently, the name Ostapsky had nothing to do with my caller. The gentlemen in emigration are very good at assuming names (because their own ones are stained with blood), titles and even academic degrees. Every one of them is either an engineer, MA, PhD, or even Professor. So, Mr. Ostapsky — let him be Ostapsky — was sobbing into the phone, saying:

"I am authorized to tell you on behalf of the Ukrainian workers community that you sitting there in your office as you are, know nothing of what's happening. Shame on you... let the... may the devil...! Don't you know that in Soviet-ruled Ukraine they have made a clean sweep of all creative intellectuals? The best of them. The pink of them. Oh, what a loss we have suffered. Nothing remained of the Ukrainian culture — it's gone with the wind blowing from Moscow."

I must admit that at first I was dumbfounded. I even thought the operator put me through to a madhouse. But there could be no mistake — London was on the line.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Ostapsky," I said. "Cool down. Check yourself. Your information needs to be refreshed, because, excuse me for saying so, its so utterly old it stinks. And blow your channels because they're too crooked and clogged with dirt. Now tell me, who made that 'sweep' and who was 'swept'?"

"Why, outstanding personalities, of course, the cream, the elite. Who did it? The Russians, sir."

Goodness gracious! He is way over there in London, while I'm here in Lviv and don't have the slightest idea that all of a sudden Ukrainian culture disappeared into thin air. Yet, you know, it excited my curiosity.

"Well, well, whom exactly do you have in mind? The writers and artists organizations in Kiev, Lviv, Kharkiv, Ivano-Frankivsk, and all over Ukraine are functioning normally. Nobody, as far as I know, closed any theaters. At the cinemas they're showing a new Ukrainian film — *Zakhar Berkut*. Museums are open. Publishing houses and editorial offices of magazines are safe and sound, too. Books are published and exhibitions mounted."

"Don't you, sir, pull the wool over my eyes with your communist propaganda! I know better." Mr. Ostap-

sky was getting angry. "Is that what you call culture? Chornovil and his associates — that's what I call real culture, a real treat of it. They are published beyond the Soviet border and enjoy good reputation. They represent, so to say, the Ukrainian culture on the world market. And you collared them and clapped them in the coop."

Believe it or not, but Mr. Ostapsky cornered me. I colored red as a lobster, because my eyes never saw the fruits of work of that "genius" Chornovil and his ilk. I confess it's my sin. And the Ukrainian people must make the same confession, because in spite of being an educated people they never have heard, let alone seen either hide or hair of their sons of "genius."

Now, just a minute, maybe...

"Listen," I said to Mr. Ostapsky, "maybe you have in mind the statement in the Soviet press made in connection with the arrest of a Belgian tourist and Banderite emissar, Dobosh, when several Soviet citizens were also arrested for providing him with required information for 30 pieces of silver? Well, it did happen, no denying it. But I don't understand what Chornovil's got to do with culture, except that he learned how to write anti-Soviet squibs? But such exercises have nothing in common with culture."

Oh, if you could have only heard the storm that broke loose on the other end of the line. You so-and-so, he raved, you should have been hanged long ago, how dare you slander the names of martyrs who "fight for Ukraine."

While the storm was howling in London and the provocative tears were dripping into the receiver, I was trying to imagine the face of my caller. It seemed to me that I had seen it somewhere, that I had already heard those timeworn words "fighters for Ukraine."

AND WHAT IF IT'S HIM!

Maybe Mr. Ostapsky is actually none other than...

Today he also lives somewhere in England. Perhaps he has some job and in the evenings sits in front of a TV set and sighs unhappily for his "dear Motherland." In conversation with his acquaintances he sincerely beats his chest and boasts that he "fought for Ukraine," calling himself a hero.

In his homeland, though, our "hero" was called Vasil Melnichuk. In the village of Pyadiki, near the town of Kolomia in Precarpathia, his father, Mikhailo Melnichuk, had some 80 acres of land, kept seven or eight cows, two pairs of horses. And, of course, several farmhands. In a word, his daddy was rich and, therefore, could make a "learned gentleman" out of his son. Apparently, at the Secondary School the moneybag's sonny was initiated in the idea of the struggle for a "free and independent Ukraine."

But to learn one has to have brains. This was something that Melnichuk lacked, and when the German invaders occupied the Western Ukrainian lands, he gave up his learning and switched over from theory to practice: he organized an OUN group in his village, formed and commanded a police unit. This did not require special abilities. On the contrary.

A police uniform was a cherished dream of Vasil Melnichuk.

True, Melnichuk's career in the village police didn't last long. It did not offer adequate opportunities, and at nights he pondered over a glass of moonshine how to better serve the "cause of liberation" and expand the field of his activity. So he wrote a report and in February 1943 joined the ranks of the SS. No, Melnichuk didn't request to be sent to the front. He was not such

a blooming fool as you might think as to expose himself to the Bolshevik bullets. He looked for a place that would be warm and profitable, and, above all, safe. The volunteer and "genuine Ukrainian patriot" found such a place in a *Sonderkommando*, which guarded the death camp Trawniki in Poland. Ha was noticed at once. No wonder. This half-educated scholar turned out to have a firm hand. That's a real champion of a cause for you. No matter how the first eight victims he was told to shoot personally to show his character, implored him and prayed for mercy, it did not help them. The "cause of liberation" demanded sacrifices. A burst from a submachine gun cut down all of them. The camp commandant was pleased with his recruit. Melnichuk was commended for this effort — a medal for bravery — and promoted one rank up. Now he was not just *Wachman*, but *Oberwachman*. Say what you may, it was a high honor for the "patriot." On top of that he was granted a furlough to visit his home village. His fellow villagers still remember how he played the cock of the walk in his native Pyadiki. A new uniform, shiny buttons, a medal on his chest, and a skull emblem on his sleeve. Unh-h — two — three!

"Well, at least my efforts have been given due credit. The prospects for 'liberation activity' are now vast as the steppe, and I've money to burn," he boasted before the villagers.

Money is a good thing, but the "liberation activity" was something that counted first above everything else. You see, it was his mission to "build" Ukraine. Hurrah!

And Vasil Melnichuk rolled up his sleeves and got down to work. In May 1943 a 300-strong party — our "hero" included — under the command of a Gestapo officer was sent to Warsaw to liquidate the local Jewish ghetto. As you can see, in this way the Ukrainian nationalists, already at that time, "consolidated" the state

of Israel before it was even born. The job in Warsaw proved to be simple and very amusing: the only thing to do was to load your submachine gun and shoot. They killed 2,500 people in the carnage — to the glory of today's unity between the nationalists and zionists.

After that, the bloody path led Melnichuk to Poniatowo. There was also a ghetto there, and it was to be liquidated as well.

When there was no job on the side, the camp bosses turned to their inmates in Trawniki. In October 1943, within one day, the watchmen's bullets ended the life of 9,000 people. Among them were Russians, Poles, Ukrainians and Jews. You can just imagine how numb Melnichuk's hands got at the job. But what do hands matter when the "cause of liberation" is at stake. Can you care about such trifles? No. Above everything else — the "cause."

Melnichuk considered executions a "clean" job, for it earned him medals and promotions. Who knows, going on like that he could have become a general. Burning corpses, on the contrary, was a dirty job, nasty even for such a personality as Melnichuk. But there was nothing he could do about it, for an order is an order, you know, and it must be carried out.

I know, today Mr. Melnichuk hardly gets pleasure from recalling that hectic time, when two or three days after the above-mentioned 9,000 prisoners were executed the watchmen got down to burning the corpses on huge bonfires. Well, whether Melnichuk likes it or not we must remind him of it and must tell our countrymen, who settled in England and other countries in the West, about his deeds during the war. Let them know whose hand they shake, with whom they sit in session in their "communities." Let them know it and shun the executioner. Just take a better look at him: he is in blood up to his elbows! Look into his eyes — you will

see reflected the faces of those who were tortured, shot and burned.

Vasil Melnichuk and his accomplices, the same renegades as he himself, set themselves out to curry favor with the fascists, to prove that the Ukrainian nationalists were also worth their salt and were quite fit for "state administration." The corpses were burned in a very simple way: the bodies, already buried in ditches, were taken out and stacked in piles on railway tracks, a hundred and fifty corpses in each pile. Then wood was put under the corpses and Mr. Melnichuk, as the senior in rank, splashed the victims with gasoline. To do him justice, we must say that Melnichuk managed to economize on the fuel in the hope, perhaps, that the fascists would notice his efforts and pin another trinket for "bravery" on his chest. But this time his toil and trouble remained unnoticed.

Perhaps, Melnichuk remembers his war adventures during a punitive expedition against the Polish partisans in the suburbs of Lublin? On occasion, he can tell his story to the Polish residents of London.

That's how Vasıl Melnichuk fell over himself in Trawniki to build "his" Ukraine.

That's on whose behalf the "deputized" Ostapsky phoned the editorial office of *Zhovten* and spilt a false tear because of the "ruination of Ukrainian culture."

After all, it may well be that Melnichuk and Ostapsky is one and the same person.

YET ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE UKRAINIAN COMMUNITY

His name is Ostap Hutsalo, but this time there's no guarantee, either, that yesterday's Hutsalo is not today's Ostapsky.

But first things first.

On July 9, 1941, the peal of bells filled the air in the town of Khodoriv in Lviv Region. Actually, there was no need for the bells to ring. The reason they did, though, was that the "best minds," "the flower of the nation" had gathered from the surrounding villages and from Khodoriv itself and adopted, of all things, a "Declaration of the Meeting of the Ukrainian Citizens of Khodoriv District."

The adoption of the "Declaration" was arranged with pomp usually accompanying such ceremonies: an orchestra was playing, yellow-and-blue banners were fluttering along with fascist standards. According to the usual practice on such occasions, Khodoriv Ciceros delivered speeches from the rostrum. The speakers passionately glorified Adolf Hitler and painted in rosy colors the future of the "Ukrainian citizenry" under the "new order."

Mr. Hutsalo was, of course, doing as much as lay in him. Now he would warble like a nightingale, now he would crow like a cock, now... His speech made many a naive villager shed tears. Certainly, once you deliver a speech it should move a man's heart, it should make him clench his fists in rage (if need be) till they turn blue. He knew when to raise his voice and when to lower it, or when to drop it to a confidential whisper. Mr. Hutsalo was very good at making speeches since he had a university and a lawyer's background to draw upon.

As was to be expected, Mr. Hutsalo was laying himself out for Ukraine. What else could he speak about from the rostrum? According to his own words he was ready to move hell for the sake of his Mother-Ukraine, to die for her on the cross. He assured his listeners on oath till he got blue in the face rolling up his eyes, that the Hitlerite soldier was also concerned about the fate of Ukraine. And, he said, that this seemingly severe soldier whose belt bore the inscription *Gott ist mit uns* * had no other aim but to bring freedom to the poor Ukrainian people. You see, that was his historic mission. For the Bible sayeth..., and so on and and so forth.

At the close of that memorable day the nationalist rout decided to set up a temporary administration of Khodoriv District with Ostap Hutsalo at the head. The adopted "Declaration" included such an allegiant wording: "We are grateful to the German army for the assistance it has rendered us. We believe that Germany will secure the existence of the newly formed Ukrainian state."

There might have been such fools who really believed that "Germany would secure the existence of the newly formed Ukrainian state," but Ostap Hutsalo didn't belong to them. The lawyer was right: soon the "Ukrainian state" with "Prime Minister" Yaroslav Stetsko at the top burst like a soap bubble.

One day a number of Gestapo cars rolled up to the villa of the Khodoriv burgomaster. In a moment Mr. Ostap was sitting in a car and Khodoriv was deprived of its "father" and "benefactor." The nationalists hurriedly put Mr. Ostap on the list of "heroes" who "gave up their lives for Ukraine."

In the meanwhile the Khodoriv burgomaster arrived in Drohobich under escort. In order to give the "hero"

* God is with us (*Ger.*).

at least a slight idea what the Gestapo and its methods were like, they took him like a bull-calf around the jail, showed him a number of fine pieces of Gestapo work in the cellars, and even locked him up for a few hours in a cell. Today we won't go into the details of Hutsalo's experiences and feelings at that time. The only thing we can say for sure is that the rank of martyr or hero was hardly to his liking.

In the evening the lawyer was ushered into the investigator's room. Sitting at the table was a smiling and suave Gestapo department chief, *Oberscharführer* SS Willi Ernst Morlock.

"Be seated, please," said the Gestapo officer politely, and Mr. Hutsalo, more dead than alive, dropped into a chair nearby.

It might well have been that Herr Morlock did not offer the burgomaster to sit down. Instead of forming hypotheses on this point we had better quote an excerpt from the evidence of the Gestapo department chief, Willi Ernst Morlock, who, in his time, was arrested by Soviet authorities. This is what he said during the interrogation:

"Hutsalo Ostap, I don't remember his patronymic, a Ukrainian, was a resident of Khodoriv. I recruited him in 1942 under the following circumstances: in 1942 he was arrested by the Gestapo... They brought him to Drohobich and I interrogated him.

"During the interrogation I suggested that he cooperate with us. He agreed, and we released him from custody. On our recommendation Hutsalo was appointed burgomaster of the town of Bolekhiv, where he held office till 1944. All this time he cooperated with us, giving us detailed information..."

We certainly understand that today it's not very pleasant for Mr. Hutsalo to recall those "glorious days" when he acted as a patriot and at the same time gave

away his OUN friends to the Gestapo. There was nothing he wouldn't have done to save his own skin. "Serving the cause," "struggle for liberation" and other loud phrases were meant for speeches, for the rabble, whereas for himself he reserved only profit.

His activity as a burgomaster testifies to it. From the first days in office in Bolekhiv, Mr. Hutsalo did his best to prove to the Gestapo that he didn't draw his salary as an agent for nothing. It was on his initiative and due to his efforts that in April 1942 the local police together with the Gestapo launched an "operation" against peaceful people and shot 450 villagers in Dovzhka.

But this didn't seem enough for the lawyer. On August 4—5, the "operation" was renewed, taking a toll of another 600 people murdered near Dovzka. A year later, in July 1943, they killed an additional 2,000. In all, 4,730 people were shot to death during the burgomaster's term in office in Bolekhiv.

The Ivano-Frankivsk Regional Archives preserve the "Indictment on the Atrocities of the German Invaders during the Occupation of Bolekhiv District," which was drawn up immediately after the liberation of Bolekhiv by Soviet troops. The horrors the people had gone through were still fresh in their memories. One of the sections of the "Indictment" is based on the evidence of witnesses:

"Mass annihilation and individual executions were directed and organized mainly by the employees of the Drohobich Gestapo. Also directly involved in the terror campaign were:

"1. Chief of the Bolekhiv Gendarmerie, Pyatka.

"2. Burgomaster of Bolekhiv, Ostap Hutsalo.

"3. Policeman Ivan Strutinsky..."

Availing himself of the power given him by "Uncle" Adolf Hitler, the burgomaster, who was an OUN member and at the same time a secret Gestapo agent, developed

vigorous activity in the "field of liberation": he plundered the houses of the executed people, tore off the tin roofing of their houses and sold it. Marks and dollars, gold and silver flowed like water into the lawyer's pockets. Hutsalo sent strings of carts filled with tin roofing, bricks, wood and other articles to his relatives — his mother Katerina and his sister Yevhenia — who lived in the village of Slovyatin, Pidhaitsi District in Ternopil Region. He didn't scruple about any means to snatch a goodish sum of money. Notably, even then he didn't forget about "lofty ideas." In and out of season he stressed his patriotism and his love for Ukraine. After that he would scribble his next report to the Drohobich Gestapo.

This is also recorded in the documents.

And it is engraved in the people's memories, Mr. Ostapsky.

The mothers of Bolekhiv still curse Hutsalo, on whose orders their sons and daughters were driven to Germany for slave labor. They also curse Hutsalo for recruiting ignorant young men by blackmail and threats into the notorious SS Division "Halichina," from which they never returned home. Yes, the mothers of Bolekhiv curse Hutsalo because they still feel pain in their hearts, because the tears for those who were killed and tortured by this monster still burn their eyes.

Now he's living somewhere abroad — in West Germany, France or England, living off the loot he had plundered in Bolekhiv. On occasion he poses as another of those "fighters for Ukraine." Certainly, he's silent about his collaboration with the Gestapo. Instead, under the cover of "Mr. Ostapsky" he lays himself out for the destiny of the "oppressed" Ukrainian culture in Soviet Ukraine.

AND YET ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE SAME PACK

I fully realize that the acquaintance with two representatives of "real patriots" will sicken Mr. Ostapsky & Co. Perhaps he will even blame me for purposely choosing degenerates who are finishing their last days at foreign backyards, grouping into various "communities." But, gentlemen, who is to blame that all your OUNs, UHVRs *, blocs and communities consist of such ilk as Ostap Hutsalo and Vasil Melnichuk?

"But not all of them were such er... er... degenerates," Mr. Ostapsky may protest. "Our liberation movement knows real heroes, too. Many of them died for the cause. They did not beat it abroad, like some others did, but fought in hand for our independence and, consequently, for the flourishing of Ukrainian culture. If they were alive, they would express through myself their protest for the reason already known to you."

Oh yes, here I agree with Mr. Ostapsky. They really had their "own heroes," no denying it. One of them was Mykola Matsevich from the settlement of Perehinske in Ivano-Frankivsk Region. When he found himself in the dock, he swore by all the gods:

"I was so modest, so humble, as good as pie. Believe me, I was afraid to kill a hen. I went to church every week. I prayed twice a day."

It's quite possible that this time Matsevich told the truth. And, perhaps, he would have lived in pious godly fear and would have gone to church, avoiding killing

* *Ukrainska Holovna Vizvolna Rada* — Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council — organized by Stepan Bandera in 1944 as the political leadership of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) to spread terror and sabotage in Soviet Ukraine after its liberation from German fascist invaders.

hens, if Melnichuk's and Bandera's quacks had not decided to make a "hero" out of him.

In the autumn of 1944 when Matseвич went to work on an oil prospecting party, OUN member Kost Narizhnyak, alias Verkhovy, a ferocious leader of an SB* execution squad, stopped him on the road and said, "Mykola, only fools like to work. How much do the Reds pay you a month? A thousand rubles? Phew! I'll give you ten times as much. Besides, it's an easy job. You'll have food, drinks, girls and clothes. That's one thing. And the other is that you'll become a rebel, a fighter, so to say."

Mykola shifted from foot to foot, picked his nose with an intelligent mien, and asked, "You say, commandant, the job is easy? And it pays? But what exactly am I to do?"

"You a goof, or what? Why, you'll build an independent Ukraine!"

"Well, if I am to make it independent, then I agree," answered Matseвич.

Soon the public prosecutor asked the defendant Matseвич, "Tell me, how did you imagine 'your' Ukraine to be like? And what kind of Ukraine did you really want?"

"I can say nothing about Ukraine. I'm dumb in politics," answered the defendant. "But Kost Narizhnyak promised to give me a couple of acres of land extra in case we win."

Incidentally, this was a typical dream of the Banderite rabble. They pictured Ukraine as their own farmstead with granaries, stockyards and farmhands.

In a thick forest one dark night Verkhovy administered the recruit the oath and gave him a bandit

* *Sluzhba Bezpeki* — Security Service.

nickname — Kozhushenko. By the way, nicknames were given not accidentally. The “heroes” were afraid to live under their own names. They trembled lest their children learned about the bloody work of their parents. Consequently, at the trial in Ivano-Frankivsk, Matsevich-Kozhushenko stated in his final plea:

“Don’t tell my children about me. I’m afraid they will condemn me.”

Now that the reader knows the preamble to the story of Matsevich-Kozhushenko, we can pass over to the episodes which will help us draw a profile of the “committed fighter for an independent Ukraine.”

It’s certainly difficult to pick out the most characteristic, the most essential episodes, because there were scores and hundreds of them in the checkered “revolutionary career” of Matsevich.

“Your first assignment, my friend Kozhushenko,” his squad leader said once, “is to kill your neighbor Ivan Semkovich. There are rumors that he has hidden a few Hungarian army overcoats. That’s a violation of our laws. The overcoats must be ours. Besides, Semkovich is said to have money.”

The “knight” of the execution squad went to carry out his assignment in the name of “independent Ukraine.” Or, rather, to be more precise, it was for the sake of money, for the sake of robbery that he pumped two bullets into his neighbor’s belly. Matsevich forgot all the good that Semkovich had once done for him. He also forgot that Semkovich’s elder daughter Olga had nursed his child. He ignored the lamentation and cries that filled the house, he ignored the poor man’s children who kissed his boots.

“Don’t kill our daddy, Uncle!”

In the end Matsevich got tired of the children’s lamentation and pleading. A moment — and he drew his pistol. Another moment — and the head of the six-

month-old baby in the arms of Semkovich's wife dropped. One more shot — and the woman, mortally wounded, dropped onto the floor. Then, he shot at the other two children. He missed, though. He was in a hurry, eager to cover up his tracks. At the trial Semkovich's daughter asked him, "Why did you kill my father, my mother, my sister? Why?"

What could the "committed fighter for independent Ukraine" answer to this?

"God knows," he said.

Of course, the nationalist God should have known everything about his "heroic" children. Was it in vain that in the good old days Matsevich-Kozhushenko prayed twice a day and once a week attended holy mass at the church at Perehinske?

Make a good mental note of this positive feature of your "hero," Mr. Ostapsky. You could as well add that Matsevich wasn't able to take a step without God's blessing. The witnesses testified that during one interrogation, before ripping the belly of his next victim, Matsevich crossed himself and said, "Help me, O God!"

He also mentioned God's name when he sent a bullet into the head of his friend Savchak, and when he killed an old woman, Anelia Stasiv, in the village of Duba near Perehinske.

But the most typical evidence of Matsevich's piety was revealed during an incident that took place in Perehinske itself. Matsevich himself told about it at the trial, calmly and coolly.

Once the SB execution squad received information that a resident of Perehinske, Olena Hlushko, had two trophy blankets. Please, keep in mind — blankets, not submachine guns or machine guns. Without any hesitation Verkhoviy developed a plan of a military operation,

and on the same night Hlushko was to "contribute" the blankets to the OUN fund.

Well, if the woman would have made her contribution in silence, she might have lived to this day. But she did not. She took the liberty to abuse the "fighters for statehood," expressing her doubts whether they could build their Ukraine on blankets.

Then Verkhovy called Kozhushenko and ordered, "Go to that chatterbox and make her swear that from now on she'll keep her mouth shut."

Kozhushenko clicked his heels and in an hour was in the hut of the poor widow.

"Woman," he said in a solemn voice, "do you believe in God?"

"Certainly," she cringed.

"Did you abuse us, honest, clean, brave and courageous men?"

"I did, I must confess."

Kozhushenko took down a crucifix from the wall and ordered.

"Swear on the crucifix of our Lord Jesus Christ, if your life and the life of your little daughter is dear to you, that from now on you'll be as dumb as a fish."

"I swear," said the woman as her trembling fingers touched the crucifix.

It seemed that now the knighthood from the stinking funkhole could rest in peace. After all, they sealed the woman's lips with the cross. But the squad leader, a man of principle, education and religious piety, could not continue "building" Ukraine in peace.

"You know what, Kozhushenko, that Hlushko is still worrying me. The woman might begin carrying on subversive propaganda against us. What do you think about it?"

The trouble was that Matseвич couldn't think. Not because his parents didn't teach him how to do it, but because he was simply lazy. By the way, this was also a characteristic feature of many other "revolutionaries."

"I don't know," he replied to his chief. "If that's your order..."

"You show your own initiative."

And Matseвич showed it. He dragged poor Olga Hlushko out of her house, then threw a noose on her neck.

"But, Mykola," the woman implored, "I'm not guilty. I swore on the cross."

"That's nothing. The noose'll be more reliable than Christ."

The strangled woman fell dead on to the ground.

We told only about two incidents from the life of a Banderite underground "hero." That doesn't mean at all that there weren't more of them. Cornered by irrefutable facts presented at the trial, Mykola Matseвич confessed that while in Verkhov's squad he personally knifed, shot and hanged eight innocent victims. Among them were women, children and old men. He was also involved in another 40 murders.

And you, Mr. Ostapsky, talk about "great deeds."

THE DIALOGUE GOES ON

While I was recalling the abominable scenes of the OUNites "struggle for liberation" in Western Ukraine, Mr. Ostapsky in London continued yelling:

"We shall not leave it at that. We will struggle for

a free development of Ukrainian literature. We shall not allow... We are strong enough. By God, we are! We shall appeal to governments... They will support us. We shall make mincemeat out of you!"

My heart was in my mouth ... from laughter. Say what you may, but the operator must have made a mistake — she surely connected me with a madhouse called the nationalist emigration.

Apparently, the treatment the cranks over there were undergoing was rather poor, since they haven't come to their senses yet, and though Soviet Ukraine has existed for over 50 years, they still entertain such hopes and utter such threats. As if they don't remember that Petlyura also threatened, as well as Piłsudski and, later on, Hitler and his yesmen. Don't they know that there is no such power in the world which could reverse the course of history?

We should not be naive, though. Mr. Ostapsky realized what he was doing. Since he and his company aren't able to strike, they sting at least. But their efforts are in vain and miserable. Really, how can one talk seriously about "figures" of the Chornovil type who aren't averse to do harm to Soviet power on the sly and hardly miss a chance to put the Matseviches on the list of "fighters" and "heroes." What is there illegal in the attitude of Soviet people who refused to tolerate these turncoats? What is there in common between Chornovil and Ukrainian literature and culture generally?

It's beyond any doubt that all those Ostapskys abroad understand it. They are just looking for the next chance, however small and insignificant, to launch another "campaign" of lies and deception against Soviet Ukraine. They stretch the pettiest of rumors to the dimension of major events. How else, for example, can one interpret the following statement Mr. Ostapsky made:

"In Lviv monuments of history and culture are being destroyed from first to last. You plow up cemeteries and lay out parks in their place."

Funny as it may seem, but not every enemy would slide into such idiocy. I tried to explain to him that in the past few years the Lviv Regional Branch of the Ukrainian Society for the Protection of Monuments of History and Culture allocated hundreds of thousands of rubles for the restoration of various monuments. In Lviv the Korniaht Tower was restored, as well as scores of other architectural monuments of past centuries throughout Lviv Region. In the Olesky Castle, raised from ruins, a museum of old Ukrainian art is being organized. A vast open-air museum has been built, in which architectural monuments from all parts of the western regions of Ukraine are represented. A monument to the classic of Ukrainian literature, Vasil Stefanik, has been unveiled. In the former St. Onuphrius Monastery a Ukrainian Printing Museum is to be opened. Scores of memorial plaques have been put on the buildings where outstanding men of Ukrainian culture lived. A museum dedicated to the artists Olena Kulchitska and Olexa Novakivsky has been inaugurated.

Neither did I forget to tell Mr. Ostapsky that the cemetery in question was closed back in the times of Austro-Hungary and that no representatives of Ukrainian culture and history were buried in it. All people in Lviv know this.

Is that what the gentlemen like Ostapsky vouchsafe to call the "ruination of Ukrainian culture"?

Has not the magazine *Zhovten* done enough to popularize Ukrainian history and culture? If the gentlemen in England got blind, we can remind them that the magazine carries a regular section "Window on History," "From Pure Sources," and others, under which scores of materials were published. It is another thing

that the foreign "patriots" would like to see on the pages of our magazine the names dear to them. Nothing doing, gentlemen! We respect and popularize those personalities who faithfully served the working people, who lived with their aspirations and hopes. We never forget Lenin's thesis that the culture of every bourgeois nation has two cultures — democratic and reactionary. And we invariably keep to this premise.

Did the gentleman from London draw any conclusion from this conversation? I doubt it. He and his company, blind with hatred, are doomed to a miserable existence in foreign lands. It is a long time since they repudiated Ukraine, its culture, language and history. They need the Ukraine only for political machinations, because it brings them a certain profit.

And still...

And still, perhaps the "plenipotentiary representative" of the "workers community" in Great Briain will find time for second thoughts and will come to the conclusion that it's time to stop slandering his homeland. It concerns him, as well as hundreds of his like.

These lines are meant for all who live in the world of rumors about the fall and ruination of Ukrainian culture and who would like to raise from the dead the "heroes" like Vasil Melnichuk, Ostap Hutsalo and Mykola Matsevich.

Ukraine does not need such "heroes" who crucified her.

PREMIER "V-9" & CO.

Yuri Rimarenko

One of the modern "theoretical" constructions of the Ukrainian nationalist counterrevolution abroad is the "theory" of the so-called elitism. According to it, the people are a dull, orderless, blind and cowering mass, a hobbled or whipped herd which must be dominated by the "knights of the cross and sword" who are fully aware of their superiority and, by their will, keep the "rabble" under control (D. Dontsov). Now, who are these "God-given knights"? Or, as the nationalist magazine *Vizvolnyi Shlyakh* (Liberation Path) puts it in a meaningful and intriguing question, who are these "national heroes and what has determined and secured their immortality? One of them is the new-fangled premier of the *Ukrainska Nationalna Rada** S. Dovhal.

The struggle of the Ukrainian people for their national liberation, which blended with the advance of the socialist revolution, gave no inspiration to the then completely unknown would-be "premier" striving by all means to make his way in this world. Mobilized to Petlyura's army, he willingly, like a sponge, absorbed the petty "liberation" ideas of the sham generals and colonels, and soon advanced to the rank of *sotnik* (captain) of the 20th UNR *kurin* (company). The "classic" formula of his crony, Petlyura's general Nikifor Ohon-Horbanyuk, suited Dovhal very well. The general decla-

* Ukrainian National Council (UNR).

red rather bluntly: "I fought for my father's land which the poor wanted to take away from him. I fought for an independent and self-sustained Ukraine, in which, I supposed, I could make a fortune and become a big man. The slogan of the Ukrainian nationalists was so closely intermingled with my own interests, that I was unable to tell one from the other, and I did not strive to do so."

For the sake of this ephemeral hope *sotnik* Dovhal and his *kurin* made cruel reprisals upon the insurgent workers, robbed and whipped people, flogged them with ramrods, butchered peaceful Jewish residents, mocked at monuments of Ukrainian culture, and plundered villages and settlements in Chernihiv region and other areas of "Mother-Ukraine."

The blood of Ukrainian workers, peasants and intellectuals, the tears of mothers and fathers and orphaned children — that's what earned Dovhal his first "grand-master's" mark to make him eligible for the title of the people's chief "leader." For after all, the essential criterion of choosing a candidate for an "elected representative" of the nation was, first of all, his inherent fierce hatred toward the freedom-loving Ukrainian people, his thirst for bloody punishment of "insubordinates" who refused to submit to the men of "consequence and action," i. e. to the nationalist "messiahs." One of Dovhal's predecessors at the post of "premier" of the UNR, Ivan Bahryany, supplemented Dontsov's code of a nationalist. In his opinion, one must be" cruel, tough and unscrupulous... because one cannot overcome one's enemy in spirit alone. It can be done only through death, cruelty, murder and the sword and not through the aid of the censor."

However, neither Horbanyuk nor Dovhal became the "big men" of Ukraine. The bourgeois nationalists hindered the working people's progress toward a new life,

and the mighty arm of the Ukrainian people threw them out on Europe's backyards.

Later V. Vinnichenko admitted: "We put all the blame on the Russian Bolsheviks. They, we said, brought their troops into Ukraine and beat us... It must be said sincerely and frankly, that had not our own peasantry and working class risen against us, the Russian Soviet Government would have been unable to do anything against us... It was not the Russian Government that drove us out of Ukraine, but our own people."

Dovhal beat it to bourgeois Poland together with Petlyura's host. Bourgeois Poland, which entertained great-power dreams of creating a nation "from sea to sea," willingly sheltered the battered Petlyura units and the "government" of the UNR headed "personally" by the ataman-in-chief, Semen Petlyura.

Of course, the petty *sotnik* was not let in on the "high" policies Petlyura & Co. pursued to gratify the Polish military. Dovhal had yet to spend some time proving his "absolute" right to be an "elect" of the nation. Soon the opportunity offered itself. On the instructions of the Polish intelligence service, a special spying and subversive center, the so-called *Ewidencja-2*, began operating in Lviv in early 1921. The center had a loud name — "Partisan-Insurgent Headquarters" — and was headed by Petlyura's general, Yurko Tyutyunnik. *Sotnik* Dovhal proved to be useful in picking out suitable men from among the troops of the Volhynian Division and the Third "Iron" Division stationed near Kalush. where he himself was staying. This trader in human souls was guided by the instruction of Yurko Tyutyunnik who admonished that the candidates for spying should, in the first place, possess such a "noble" quality as "lack of any reasoning or questions on their part, such as why?, what for? and what will be the result?"

The shrewd Dovhal also found other jobs on the side, this time as a squealer and torturer. With the help of such people it was attempted to suppress the progressive views of the interned Ukrainians — the workers and peasants in army coats, and to introduce mass terror. On orders of his would-be “colleague” in the UNR, general Vovk, Dovhal was raised to the rank of “loyal officer” so that he, as the order went, “for pay by the piece hit the mugs of all those who would want to return to Ukraine.” He took part in the round-the-clock vigils at the points to which the repatriation authorities transferred the pardoned criminals, he intercepted them near the embassy of the Ukrainian SSR in Warsaw, and he had a hand in forcing out of the trains those who wished to return to their homeland. Later, with his pockets stuffed with rustling banknotes he received as pay “by the piece” of hit mugs, he left for Czechoslovakia and from there, after a while, he came to Uzhgorod.

At a time when the working people of Transcarpathian Ukraine languished in poverty and were subjected to inhuman sufferings, the newspaper *Vpered* (Forward), published by the regional council of the Ukrainian Social-Democrats under the editorship of Dovhal, called on them to transact their operations on “settling property affairs,” “currency exchange” etc. only through the Subcarpathian Bank. Personally, Dovhal had some business with this bank, for as secretary of the regional management of the so-called “Peasants and Workers Academy,” he and Prof. H. Monyuk and engineer Svoboda pocketed over one thousand kronas from the funds of the Academy, the teachers trade union and the societies for “relief” of poor children.

In 1940 Dovhal found himself in Berlin where the Hitlerites harbored him throughout the horrible years of the Second World War. Now the march on the

nationalist Olympus was continued under the fascist swastika. As before, he was again in the company of his confederates in spirit and treachery.

Together with the "president" of the UNR in exile, Mykola Livitsky, he worked in the "Vineta," the so-called Eastern department of Goebbels' ministry of education and propaganda. The spokesman of "national and state revival" Livitsky was placed in charge of the Ukrainian editorial office for fascist radio broadcasts, while the "true" socialist Dovhal headed the editorial offices of special publications for "eastern workers," i. e. Ukrainians taken by force to Germany for slave labor [the magazines *Syaivo* (Radiance), *Drukar* (Printer), *Budivnitsvo* (Development), and the newspaper *Holos* (Voice)]. Dovhal suited the national-socialists in every way, for he fell over himself proving his loyalty to the Führer and strained with might and main to make the Ukrainians "spare no effort to secure the victory of the German army," and "the victory of the new order all over Europe."

Today Dovhal certainly doesn't like to recall those times. However, his spiritual preceptor Ivan Ohiyenko, now a metropolitan in Canada, is more frank. In a letter to his crony, he wrote: "My dear friend, I am in Kiev some months already, but I feel ill at ease. You cannot imagine how everything has changed under the Bolsheviks... People are so hostile to us as the Kievites once were to the Tatar conquerors, and they show no respect to us. There is only cruelty around us. All the newly arrived Ukrainians, that is ourselves, they call German spies and Hitler's allies. To a certain extent, though, it is true, my friend. To tell the truth, the Germans really assign us the dirtiest jobs."

After the war, "Herr Engineer," as Dovhal likes to call himself, became "Herr Docent," almost a professor, and in time — "Herr Assistant Dean" in the faculty of

economics at the so-called Ukrainian Institute of Economics and Technology established on the subsidies of the German reactionary forces in Munich.

In the 1950s Dovhal had already some business with various American institutions in Europe. In particular, he established contacts with the American consul in Munich, Peich (in fact a CIA officer and later chief of the "special projects" department of Radio Liberty). His stake on the Americans proved a winning move. Soon Dovhal became "minister" of national economy in the UNR and managed the issuance of "liberation loans" for distribution among the Ukrainian emigration.

Into this venture he drew I. Levko, as a "regional representative," who during the war was a policeman in the town of Ostashkovo, Kalinin Region, and personally participated in the executions of Soviet people. Also drawn into this venture was one of the founders of the notorious SS Division "Halichina", Hauptsturmführer SS Lyubomir Makarushka, at present bank director in Bonn. In 1950 they pocketed tens of thousands of marks collected in Belgium among their credulous countrymen. After surrendering a payoff to Livitsky and other bosses of the UNR, Dovhal had a certain commercial "interest" on each loan issued in denominations of 100, 50, 20, 10, 5 and 1 dollar bills with the term of "repayment after we return to Ukraine."

In this connection a confession is worth mentioning, which was made by Dovhal's close acquaintance, Yosip Krutiy, former secretary of the Central Committee of the "Ukrainian Socialist Party," who was sensible enough to break with the nationalists and return to his homeland.

"The Ukrainian nationalist circles and their organizations," he wrote, "are dominated by bribery, stealing, moral decay and struggle for personal gain. Sazontiv (a former "premier" of the UNR — Y. R.) and Dovhal

pocketed a large sum of money, which Dovhal collected among the Ukrainian emigrants for the so-called 'loan for the liberation of Ukraine.' Sazontiv, Dovhal and Mykola Livitsky drink this money away in cabarets and bars. The non-drinker Ivan Bahriy receives his share in cash."

Dovhal's burning thirst for money was so strong that, when he seized the chair of the UNR "premier-ship," he declared: "The main thing is to get finances." Further, considering the internal clashes in the UNR, he called upon his colleagues to come to their senses and refrain from bringing their mutual bickering to extremes so as not to "affect the financial situation."

Appealing to the Ukrainians in the "free world" to render moral and material support to the representatives of the Ukrainian "national spirit," Dovhal, in his first exposé as chairman of the executive body of UNR made an outspoken statement (which, by the way, was published by the nationalist newspapers) to the effect that "community members must love Ukraine not only from the bottom of their hearts, but also from the bottom of their pockets."

Today he doesn't have to share his profits with anyone. Except, perhaps, with "president" M. Livitsky! And, as before, he advances the idea of launching a large-scale "collection campaign" for the "January 22 tax," the "fixed tax" and the already well-known "loan for the liberation of Ukraine."

The other parts of the "premier's" "exposé" are full of "new ideas" as well. They express a "modern" proposal to put on public sale fat jobs in the "legal state center of Ukrainianism," i. e. the UNR. "Those who will pay the fixed taxes," Dovhal declared, "will have the right to elect representatives to the next session, and not only elect, but also be elected members of the UNR... they will take upon themselves the obligation to

support the State Center in deed and provide it with material assistance to enable it to promote its national-political and liberation cause."

That was a real bomb. Livitsky, as well as the former "premiers," "vice-premiers" and "ministers" were scratching their pates wondering why they didn't come up with such ideas themselves. In the meanwhile, the "premier," trying to boost the low morale of his colleagues, assured them that he "has an intention to search for more sources of profit, taking into consideration the local circumstances in various countries where Ukrainians have settled."

We don't know what kind of "local" circumstances he had in mind. Maybe he meant popularizing in other countries his immense experience of collaboration with the West German intelligence service. After all, the former Petlyura general Nikifir Ohon-Horbanyuk, a special resident responsible for collecting intelligence information among the Ukrainian emigration in Germany, confessed that among his agents who for a few marks provided comprehensive information on the situation of the Ukrainian emigrés and the conduct of its individual leaders, there was also Dovhal registered on a special file as agent "V-9."

This entry referred to Dovhal's cooperation with the so-called "Displaced Persons Bureau" run by Gerhard von Mende, a Balt German who was formerly department chief of the Ministry for Eastern Areas in Hitler's Germany; Walter Konradi, former officer of the Abwehr and the "Rosenberg ministry"; and Walter Schenk, former Sturmabführer SS.

Horbanyuk testified that the above-mentioned Bureau controlled the activities of the emigré organizations, revealed anti-fascist sentiments among the emigrés, studied the reasons of contradictions between separate emigré organizations, and supported some or others in

their struggle with rivals. The Bureau was specially interested in the activities of the "American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism."

As we have already seen, Dovhal displayed a bent for such delicate affairs before and willingly worked for his silver pieces shelled out by his new "chiefs" even at the expense of his like-minded "party members."

Again we quote Horbanyuk.

"Most of my informers," he wrote, "were wolves by nature, and their only desire was to tear up, to swallow or to destroy. The first among them was agent 'V-9' Svirid Dovhal, a plotter and squealer with great ambitions and pretensions. For career's sake he was prepared to do anything to clear his way to the top. Dovhal was a 'minister' of the UNR and member of the Ukrainian Socialist Party. He collaborated with the Americans, had something to do with the Institute of the USSR Studies, and was leader of the so-called Paris bloc organized by the Americans. He gave information about the UNR and the Paris bloc, about all whom he knew and whom he met, and also about everything the American intelligence service was interested to know from him. He gave uncomplimentary testimonials of almost all of his colleagues in the UNR. With particular contempt he spoke about the "prime minister" of the UNR, Mykola Livitsky, calling him a crook, coward, rascal and other unsavory names. He also slandered Khrobak (former "minister" of finances — Y. R.) and called him a fool and a retardate. All this Dovhal did to Khrobak in revenge to the latter having said the truth to his face about his criminal machinations with the UNR postal stamps. Dovhal craved for money more than anybody else. He himself established a tariff for his information: about Bahryany, Livitsky and other UNR members — 3—5 marks each, about the American agents in the Ukrainian emigra-

tion — 15 marks, about the activity of the American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism — 10 marks, etc. Such was the price list of UNR minister Dovhal."

Is it really worthwhile to add anything more to this eloquent description of the leading representative of the nationalist "elite," the spokesman of the "genuine Ukrainian national substance" with its "enigmatic recesses of the heart"?

Perhaps we should draw the reader's attention to another very interesting place in the above-mentioned "exposé" of the "premier," in which he assigns the so-called department of internal affairs a rather symptomatic job — to "study country after country from the organizational point of view, to find out what organizations exist in a given country, what positions they hold." In Dovhal's opinion, the ministry "is to register every Ukrainian with the help of the already existing organizations and their leading bodies. We should establish cooperation with them and define the assignments they are to fulfill."

Evidently, the "Displaced Persons Bureau" or, perhaps, some other delicate organization intends to expand the field of activity of the premier-spy to the limits of the entire Ukrainian "free world."

At this we could finish the story. It is quite clear that the nationalist "elite" to which Svirid Dovhal has been included, was and remains to be the inveterate enemy of the Ukrainian people and has long since trailed in the wake of world reaction.

That's where rests the absolute fatality of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism.

Recently one of the representatives of the nationalists' so-called "realists," Andriy Bilinsky, questioned the expedience of further support of the "undying" idea of the UNR and its "statehood," for the "UNR is a broken

piece of furniture which nobody knows how to repair."

The thing is not only that the UNR from its very outset was not and could not be the "banner" for rallying anti-popular forces. The adherents of the Hetmanate did not join it, the Banderites soon left it, followed by the Melnykites. Then, the "socialists," the "peasants" party, UNDO and other parties in turn first entered and then left it. The "splits" in the emigration, the formation of "blocs" and active "opposition" in the "state center" are a vivid reflection of the corruption in which the "government in exile" has always wallowed.

Take, for instance, the clownery of "elections" of the new executive body, of "ministers," and the "social sector," which unfolded at the seventh session of UNR held in December 1972. As it turned out, the UNR has been long bossed by M. Livitsky and his UNDS (Ukrainian National State League) along with a few smart dealers, who even by their standards of "statehood" have no right to represent some or another "political" party in the UNR. Consequently, S. Dovhal was expelled from the USP (Ukrainian Socialist Party), the "minister of foreign affairs" V. Fedoronchuk from the UNDO, and "vice-president" M. Stepanenko from the URDP (Ukrainian Revolutionary-Democratic Party).

In March 1973 the URDP's official newspaper *Ukrainski Visti* (Ukrainian News) noted that M. Livitsky "used turncoats to form factions obedient to him, and manipulated little people with big ambitions like a juggler... The whole power and the treasury got into his hands."

It was long ago that the UNR became the victim of several smart political machinators who trampled even the time-worn pseudo-democratic postulates of the notorious UNR. This is what *Ukrainski Visti* wrote in

this connection: "The seventh session of the UNR was a pitiable struggle for the imaginary political ends in the imaginary Ukrainian state." The paper states rather convincingly that the grave diggers from the UNDS "drove the last nail into the coffin of the UNR." Today the UNR is in a desperate state. It has exhausted its possibilities, echoes UNDO member Olexa Yavorsky.

Back in 1921 the communist newspaper *Nasha Pravda* (Our Truth) gave a rather apt definition of the real essence of the bourgeois nationalist leaders: "They resemble just a swamp bubble which will produce nothing but bad odor. Scattered in separate puddles, this gang is rotting and thieving from one another. The only common feature which it did not lose till now is the unity of complete decay and moral and political disintegration."

DAY OF RECKONING INEVITABLE

Mykola Belinsky

Our story starts with an open letter by the villagers of Yablunivka in Busk District, Lviv Region, published in the regional newspaper *Vilna Ukraina* (Free Ukraine) on October 28, 1972:

From the progressive Canadian press, the Ukrainian newspaper *Zhittya i Slovo* (Life and Word) in particular, we learned of the forthcoming elections to the Federal Parliament of Canada.

The Canadian reactionary circles nominated, among other candidates, Dmitro Heorhiyovich Kupiak, the owner of a fashionable restaurant in Toronto, who is a native of Busk District in Lviv Region.

We, the residents of the village of Yablunivka in Buck District, express our deep indignation at all this.

Dmitro Kupiak is well-known to us as an inveterate bandit who long lived in our village and district and committed horrible crimes here.

We are aggrieved and pained to see the sadist and murderer Dmitro Kupiak posing as a decent man trying to deceive Canada's voters and become a member of Parliament of that country.

Dmitro Kupiak began his criminal activity already in the times of bourgeois Poland. It was then that he joined the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN). He carried on active nationalist propaganda, combining it with unscrupulous machinations, and pocketed a pretty sum of money belonging to *Prosvita*.*

* A cultural and educational organization of bourgeois nationalist orientation in Ukraine, active from the second half of the 19th century up until 1939.

After the reunification of the Western Ukrainian lands into a single Ukrainian Soviet state, Dmitro Kupiak did not stop his anti-popular activities.

In the first days of the Great Patriotic War, at the routs of his fellow bandits in the villages of Stary Milyatin and Yablunivka in Busk District, Dmitro Kupiak, as an OUN member acting under the cover names of Veslyar and Slavko, called for support to the German fascist invaders.

Actively collaborating with the Hitlerite occupation forces, Kupiak organized the so-called Ukrainian police in Yablunivka, Busk District, and in the villages of the former Novo-Milyatin District, at the end of June 1941. He charged the police with the task of detecting and arresting Soviet activists, and himself took part in the arrests and tortures.

Thus, in Yablunivka, Dmitro Kupiak and his brother Mikhailo, together with other policemen, arrested the former collective farm chairman Ivan Zersky and his son Mikhailo. Dmitro Kupiak put them to inhuman tortures as a result of which Ivan Zersky died.

At that time he also cruelly tortured the arrested residents of Yablunivka, Jews by nationality, Hrihoriy Karavan and Meyer Geufreid.

On the conscience of D. Kupiak and his accomplices are also scores of other tortured Soviet citizens.

In the autumn of 1943, D. Kupiak on orders of H. V. Prishlyak, leader of the so-called Security Service (SB) of OUN's district command for the south-western Ukrainian territories, assumed the nickname Klei, and organized a SB squad which he commanded.

With this squad of about twenty bandits Kupiak, during 1944 and 1945, in Lviv Region butchered Soviet activists, officials, servicemen, and peaceful citizens, including women, children and old people, and looted their property.

In April-May 1944, Kupiak's squad operated near the villages of Pobuzhany and Yablunivka in Busk District. Together with the other bandits, he tortured the residents of Busk — Emilia Chuchman, Ivan Chuchman and his wife for sheltering Jews from the German fascist invaders. In the village of Kupche in Busk District, Kupiak and his accomplices killed peaceful citizens of Polish nationality — Włodzimierz Sołtys, Eugeniusz Kotowski and Eugeniusz Sołtys, looted the property of the killed, and committed many other crimes.

After the liberation of Lviv Region from the fascist invaders in the summer of 1944, Kupiak's squad, following instructions of the OUN leadership on intensifying terror, stepped up its criminal activity and perpetrated savage carnage of Soviet people.

Thus, on August 15, 1944, on Kupiak's order, his men killed the wife of the Busk Forestry worker, Karolina Fabianska, and Olexiy Mikhaïlov on their way from the village of Hrabova to Busk.

The next day, on Kupiak's order, the bandits seized the chairman of the Pobuzhany Village Soviet, Hrihoriy Pristansky, and brought him to the SB squad location. After questioning, Pristansky was killed on the order of the band leader. Other squad members, carrying out Kupiak's order, killed Pristansky's wife Katerina.

We know about a great number of other bloody crimes committed by D. Kupiak and his band in Lviv Region.

Kupiak's SB squad members — V. I. Oliynik, A. P. Moroz, P. Z. Chuchman, S. I. Chuchman and L. K. Potsilyuiko — gave a detailed account of the crimes at an open trial held in the settlement of Krasne, Busk District, in October — December of 1969.

In the villages of Brodiv, Kamyanka-Busk and Zolochiv Districts and in Lviv and Busk, D. Kupiak and his band killed about two hundred Soviet citizens and

burned three villages to the ground — Ostriv in Sokal District, Adamy in Busk District, Lviv Region, and Posadow now in the Polish People's Republic.

In October 1945, D. Kupiak, with a sizable baggage of loot, managed to flee abroad. In Canada Kupiak bought a hotel and restaurant with his illgotten money stained with human blood. Now he is pretending to be a staid man and is babbling about his ardent love for Ukraine and her people.

We want everyone in Canada to know about the bloody crimes of D. Kupiak and his band.

The Soviet Government has already demanded that the Government of Canada extradite the war criminal D. H. Kupiak.

Kupiak's place is not in the Canadian Parliament, but in the dock.

On behalf of the residents of the village of Yablunivka and those who suffered from Kupiak and his band: M. I. Kostyuk, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Yablunivka Village Soviet of Working People's Deputies; B. V. Kravchishin, principal of the Yablunivka 8-grade school; V. D. Mazan, storekeeper of the Shevchenko collective farm; H. I. Kovalyuk, field team leader of the Shevchenko collective farm; Y. S. Maherovsky, farm manager at the Shevchenko collective farm; H. H. Dyachok, pensioner; H. Y. Shepel, diarymaid of the Shevchenko collective farm; H. H. Kovalyuk, pensioner; and others.

To this wrathful and exposing letter we want to add more facts about the criminal activities of Dmitro Kupiak and his accomplices in the bloody trade.

* * *

Kupiak and his band failed to cover up their tracks. There are living witnesses whom the murderer's hand did not reach. They spoke and made Kupiak's squad

members tell the court how his squad "fought" for the "independence of Ukraine."

"...We heard the dogs barking and some noise in our neighbor's yard," Ivan Hrihorovich Sen, a resident of Hrabova, recalled the events of a summer night in 1944. "I jumped through the window into my potato plot and lay low. In a few minutes I saw my neighbor's barn go up in flames. In the yard I heard shouts: 'Get him! Fire! Chop 'em down!' When everything grew quiet, I came out of hiding and saw my fifteen-year-old brother Yevhen lying in the middle of the yard. The bandits not only killed him, but also cut off his hand. Lying near Yevhen was a fifteen-year-old girl, Stefania Babiychuk, her eyes put out, her body stabbed and her wrists slashed."

One of Kupiak's accomplices, V. Oliynik, also had to recall that night:

"Kupiak brought us to the village. When he learned that the people he planned to kill were hiding in a barn, he ordered us to surround it and spray it with bullets from our submachine guns, which we did at once. Then Kupiak ordered his brother Mikhaïlo to set fire to the barn. The latter set fire to the straw roofing with a shot from his flare gun. When the fire broke out we could hear people yelling from within. Two of them, who ran out, we shot dead. The rest were burned together with the barn."

"Horror seized people whenever they saw Kupiak and his bandits, because you never knew whether they came to loot or to take your life," said another victim, Zinoviï Shulha. "One day in June 1944 (I was nine years of age then) I was returning home from the field with my father. A bandit from Kupiak's squad caught up with us and shot at my father. Father fell. Then the bandit made five more shots at him. I took off and he

shot twice at me. One bullet caught my coat, but I was lucky to get away."

Shulha gave the name of the bandit. It was Oliynik.

The cutthroat, cornered by the evidence, had nothing left but confess:

"Yes, Klei was our leader," he said. "On his orders those who crossed our tracks never returned home."

He confirmed this description of his leader's actions by further recollections:

"Once Kupiak brought a man, Korniychuk by name from Radekhiv District, and said he would question him together with SB reporter Sirnik — Hrihoriy Prishlyak. For a whole day they tortured the man in a barn, trying to get something out of him. By evening Sirnik got tired. Kupiak took Korniychuk into the house and continued torturing him. He beat him with sticks and kept on tormenting him well into the night. Korniychuk died denying any guilt."

The events of the night of November 30, 1944, are still fresh in the memory of Yablunivka residents. That night Kupiak brought his pack to the village. The bandits brutally killed Maxim Kovalik, Yuri Kovalik and his wife Yulia, Maria Vovk and her twelve-year-old daughter, and Olena Vuitsik and her baby. With the Yaremkeviches Kupiak dealt himself. First he beat the old Yaremkeviches with his fists, and then with a chair. In the end he discharged his pistol into the heads of his victims, after which he hurriedly pulled off the boots from the killed Filimon Yaremkevich. In the meanwhile the bandits led the horses out of the stable, hitched them to a cart and loaded it with loot. They did not forget to take along even a pot with salt. All this they hauled to their den.

Kupiak's rage was mounting with every passing day. This is what V. Oliynik said:

"On December 9, 1944, Kupiak picked his next victims from the village of Pobuzhany. He split up his squad into four groups and as soon as night fell raided the village. That night we killed more than fifteen people. All of them were peasants whose names I don't remember. I was then driving a cart from house to house and they loaded the belongings and food of the killed people. I remember Kupiak emerging from the house of the village postman a pistol in his hand. He cursed and said, 'Now it'll take some time to clean this pistol.' I took the loot to the Yablunivka forest. Later it found its way into Kupiak's chests. That night Kupiak killed with his own hands the village postman Filimon Koval, his wife Anastasia and their children — Mykola, aged fourteen, and Mikhailo, aged ten. Earlier, when he was a policeman, he detained Koval's son Andriy and had him sent to Germany for slave labor. Among those who died at the hands of these cannibals were Dmitro Bedriy, his wife Paraska, and their children — eleven-year-old Maria, sixteen-year-old Franka and seventeen-year-old Zinoviy, as well as Maria Hamulyak and her nineteen-year-old son Yevhen. When Kupiak found out that during the raid on Pobuzhany Dmitro Bedriy's pregnant sister Maria was visiting her second brother Mikhailo in the village of Verblyany, he went there with his degenerates and tortured her to death."

"Neither tears of little children, nor mothers' pleas could stop these bandits," recalled Matrona Brahinska. "They killed my father, Romanyuk, my mother, sister and her six-month-old son Zinoviy whom they shot through the head and tore off his hand; they knocked out my sister's teeth and broke the skull of my mother. They fell on our house like vultures, looting everything that was in their sight, even millet that was in a plate on the table."

Kupiak's accomplice Andriy Moroz testified:

"All of Kupiak's murders were accompanied by looting. His booty included also jewelry and gold. Klei never shared anything with anybody, he left everything for himself. He was a murderer and looter without honor or conscience. He robbed the peasants of everything — boots, clothing, feather beds, cattle."

In September 1944 Kupiak burned and plundered the village of Adamy numbering about three hundred homesteads.

"...Out of fear most of the people spent the nights in the forest," recalled Andriy Moskal, a lieutenant of the Polish Army from Adamy. "That day our family was also hiding in the forest. Only granny, who was seventy years old, remained at home. With the approach of night a shot rang out and we saw a flare hanging over the village. Then terrible shooting burst out and houses caught fire in all quarters of the village. The shooting went on for about three hours. When the bandits were withdrawing toward the village of Bolozhiniv, I heard them laughing and singing. The village burned for more than a whole day. In the morning I ran to my house and on the threshold saw granny. She was killed with two bullets in the head and her legs were partly burned. The handiwork was only too familiar. Only Klei and his gang shot into the head. Medical experts established that almost all of Kupiak's victims had bullet holes in their skulls, while their arms, legs and ribs were usually broken."

However hard the OUNite bandit Oliynik tried to evade the court's questions, he had to tell what really happened that night:

"...When Kupiak shot the flare, the bandits broke into the village and started shooting at windows and doors and setting fire to houses. Part of the villagers rushed to the forest. We shot them down from a light machine gun. The other part took refuge in the church.

When the village was already on fire Kruk and I ran into a house, found some liquor there and started drinking. The village was still burning, but Klei thought the fire was too 'small.' So he sent all his men to set fire to the houses which were not burning yet. When the village was burned to the ground, the squad made its way to the church where the people were hiding, and pelted it with grenades. Then we took a can of spirit at the alcohol plant and went toward the 'hills' in the Yablunivka forest. There we drank, ate and sang."

These hills were known to the local population as the "death hills." They offered a good view of the road running from Hrabova to Yablunivka. Death was waiting for anyone who traveled along that road.

Kupiak couldn't live a single day without killing or robbing someone. Most of all he was interested in jewelry and gold. Knowing that Boleslav Maximishin of Busk had a shop of his own before and during the war, Kupiak started intimidating him with the coming of the Soviet Army. So Maximishin packed all his valuables and moved to Chumany-Zabolotny. Soon the Maximishins were destroyed and their belongings fell into the hands of Kupiak.

Once Kupiak learned that during the German occupation Ivan and Natalia Chuchman sheltered Jews for which they received valuable things as payment. With the approach of night blood flowed again.

The OUNite murderers were like walking gallows: they had always about them special leather straps with which they strangled Soviet people on their backs. In the summer of 1945 Kupiak detained Maria Kashchak from the village of Zadvirya, and gave a signal to Oliynik that he strangle her. The latter threw the noose on her neck, put the other end of the strap over his shoulder, pulled the victim up from the ground and then dropped her dead. Then he threw the corpse into

the river. In the same way they strangled Ivan Paliha after which Oliynik and Bohdan Chuchman dragged their victim into a trench and made several shots at him.

Fear constantly haunted Kupiak, depriving him of sleep. The whole situation was getting too hot for the bandits. Kupiak was a hero when it came to deal with children, women and old people who were unable to put up any resistance. But he was afraid even to think of the day when he would fall into the hands of justice. So he disbanded his squad, killed those who knew too much of his black deeds — Mikhailo Potsilyuiko, Zeleny and Rak, obtained forged documents issued in the name of a Polish immigrant, Prodziak, and, together with his fiancée Yaroslava Falinska, he was tremulously waiting for the day he could flee to Poland.

At the trial Falinska testified:

“On the day of our departure Kupiak’s first cousin — Anna Kovalyuk, brought his loot from Yablunivka. It included three expensive fur coats, two of which belonged to the Maximishins and one to Natalia Chuĕhman. Also, there were other things sewed up in sacks. That day we were visited by the former bandit Bohdan Moroz of Busk. Kupiak took him for a walk. In an hour he returned and told me that he had taken Moroz to the Lichakivsky Cemetery (in Lviv) and killed him. Kupiak stripped Moroz of his light raincoat and took his documents and money.”

We could continue the list of unprecedented crimes committed by this super-bandit. But what has already been said is quite enough to show that Kupiak is a murderer and looter who lost human identity. In October of 1945, he managed to escape to Poland with a weighty baggage of loot. There he abandoned his fiancée, sold some of his valuables to a commission shop, and moved to West Germany. After he roved through Europe for a time he realized that it guaranteed him no safety, and

he beat it across the ocean to Canada. Here he bought a hotel and restaurant for his ill-gotten money. The establishment, as some Canadian newspapers hold, has a reputation of the most luxurious place in Toronto. Its owner likes to boast of his wealth: his "Mayfair Inn" is priced at 300,000 dollars.

The Government of the USSR has repeatedly sent notes to the Government of Canada, demanding to extradite this war criminal and turn him over to Soviet justice. But the Canadian authorities refused to comply under various pretexts.

Being aware of the authorities' support, Kupiak makes up stories which only children would believe: "I achieved everything through my work. In 1948 I arrived in Canada and borrowed 240 dollars from a man who vouched for me, and I used the money sensibly... I killed my political opponents. And if at times civilians suffered, it happened only as a result of an assault on a military object."

Today we know that this is the commonest of lies. Hardly anyone would regard seventy-year-old Ivan Chuchman and his fifty-year-old wife Natalia as political enemies or military objects. They were rather objects of robbery. Perhaps Kupiak also regarded the babies and teenagers whose arms he tore off, whose eyes he put out and whom he knifed to death, as objects standing in the way of his assault operations.

We want to warn all honest Ukrainians and other people of Canada to keep away from Kupiak. His hands are stained with human blood which nothing can wash off.

* * *

The open letter of the villagers of Yablunivka, Busk District in Lviv Region, was reprinted by the national newspaper *Radyanska Ukraina* (Soviet Ukraine) on Octo-

ber 29, 1972, and later, on December 23, 1972, it appeared on the pages of *Literaturnaya Gazeta* (Literary Gazette) with a commentary by the Soviet Radio and TV staff correspondent in Canada, Vladimir Kurnikov.

Through the mass media, the voters of Canada were timely informed about the loathsome nature of OUNite bandit Dmitro Kupiak who tried to worm his way into the Canadian Parliament. The voters blackballed him at the Federal elections.

Soviet people demand that the Government of Canada extradite the war criminal Dmitro Kupiak who found refuge in Toronto. As to his guilt it has been fully proved by the evidence of his former squad members — V. I. Olynik, A. P. Moroz, S. I. Chuchman, L. K. Potsiluiko, P. Z. Chuchman — and other witnesses, as well as by the photo documents and exhumation reports on his victims.

Kupiak must answer for his criminal activity. For the day of reckoning is inevitable!

OUNITE "HITLERJUGEND" *

Yevhen Sheremet

A command is called out: "Shoot at the Russian!"

A youth, dressed in a uniform, takes aim, then stabs a stuffed dummy... of a Soviet soldier with his bayonet.

A strange picture nowadays. And it doesn't become any funnier because the young men, instead of carbines and bayonets, hold in their hands wooden sticks. Members of the Hitlerjugend Union at first also only imitated shooting. At the present time, certain segments of the youth of Ukrainian descent abroad are mastering these or similar "sciences" in camps specially organized for them by the OUNites in countries to which there has been Ukrainian immigration, the USA, Canada, Great Britain and others. The training in these camps is carried out under the slogan: "Blood and iron will judge us (OUNites — Ye. Sh.) with the Russians."

It is known that under Hitler's regime, a German would often find himself in the "Deutsches Jungvolk," a children's fascist organization, right from the cradle, and at 14, he would join one of the Hitlerjugend detachments. A similar role is played today by the so-called Ukrainian Youth Association (SUM), Plast, and other reactionary youth organizations. They also aim to educate the younger generation in a spirit of fascism and bitter hatred of mankind.

*** Hitlerjugend was a Nazi-formed youth paramilitary organization whose purpose was to bring up the younger generation in the spirit of fascism, racism, and hatred of democracy, as well as to train young men and women for participation in predatory wars.**

The Banderite weekly, *Homin Ukrainy* (Ukrainian Echo), in describing studies at a SUM camp in Canada, pointed that the main aim of such "education" was the training of "candidates for the UPA" (the so-called Ukrainian Insurgent Army).

Although decades have passed since the inglorious end of Hitlerism and its nationalist lickspittles (including the so-called Ukrainian Insurgent Army, notorious for its criminal actions against the civilian population on the territory of the Ukraine) "candidates for the UPA" are still being trained today. In other words, the nationalist "fathers of the people" again and again assign for their youth the role of "knights" of noose and dagger, and of "cannon fodder."

Such attitudes of the OUNites to the young have already become traditional and stem from the very principles of nationalist ideology.

The ideologist of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism, Dmitro Dontsov, who set the aim of morally corrupting the youth with the fascist deceitful theory of "one's being chosen," wrote that youth should "strive to bend to their will the resistant will of other people..., manage and command others." "Let them better hate and fear us, than treat us with affection and disregard."

The ex-leader of the OUN Foreign Branches and Nazi agent, Stepan Bandera, asserted that youth should be prepared for a "war — despite all the horrors, victims, sufferings and devastation which it implies."

Another Nazi agent, currently leader of the Banderite OUN Foreign Branches, Yaroslav Stetsko, wrote:

"An auxiliary educational factor shall always be the militarization of youth, military spirit, discipline, sternness, order and obedience."

"More sacrifices," demands the Banderite magazine *Vtsnyk* (Herald), published in the U.S. for the Ukrainian youth abroad. It considers that young people should be

brought up with the principles of fanaticism, extremism and a readiness to shed blood.

It is known that one of the duties of a Hitlerite imperial supervisor was to effect among Hitlerjugend a regime of ideological terror, political surveillance, and absolute scrutiny.

The Banderites also have a similar institute supervising the activities of youth groups. Not so long ago, Anatole Bedriy, known as a zealous advocate of the cold war, was appointed its chief supervisor. He was ceremonially presented with the supervisor's mace, and instructed to firmly hold in leash, which is officially referred to as a "rigid party line," all members of the so-called Ukrainian Youth Association and the Ukrainian Student Association of Michnowsky (TUSM).

Bedriy's views are impressively similar to those of the Hitlerjugend supervisors. When offered the slightest opportunity, the OUN supervisor threatens that he shall stop at nothing in imposing his ideas on members of SUM and TUSM. Bedriy wrote in the ultra-right newspaper, *Shlyakh Peremohy* (Path of Victory), that people willing to normalize the international political climate should be despised, since the establishment of a stable and durable peace, to his mind, would denote a "death sentence" to the OUN. Bedriy maintains that members of a nationalist youth organization should regard as the No. 1 enemy those people, who during the years of World War II took part in actions against Hitlerites. He cynically asserts that the American people committed a crime by entering the anti-Hitler coalition, since it expedited the rout of fascism and brought the end of the war nearer.

Bedriy assured that actions undertaken by the working people (in part, by young Americans for the cessation of the aggression in Vietnam) were directed "against the interests of America."

Underlying Bedriy's "pedagogical credo" is a ban for young men and women from going to the Ukraine. Why? Because by visiting the Ukrainian SSR, the youth may see for themselves the falsehood of the Lord Supervisor and the entire "independent elite." This may inflict an irreparable blow on the moribund "liberation" political intrigues, based on slander, fabrication and distortion.

There is one form of "relations," however, which the OUNite bosses propagate and willingly practice. This is simply the infiltration of OUN's agents chosen from among the members of youth organizations, into Soviet Ukraine to carry out subversive actions against the USSR. Let us, at least, recall the failures of Banderite emissaries Dobosh from Belgium and Klymchuk from England who were caught in the act. Leaders of the Banderite OUN Foreign Branches, particularly Koval, one of the youth supervisors and SUM leader, directly participated in preparing these provocations.

No doubt, Bedriy would like to educate all the Ukrainian youth abroad in the spirit of misanthropic ideas. However, the war propaganda conducted by OUN, which calls for an international confrontation, and aggression, finds no response in the hearts of young people. Moreover, a considerable number of youth, even those belonging to the nationalist groupings, often question the very expediency of reactionary centers and groups among emigration.

Having announced about Bedriy's new designation, the nationalist bulletin, *Nash Holos* (Our Voice), published in the USA, predicted that the Lord Supervisor would have a tough time. On the one hand, a considerable part of older SUM and TUSM members do not need a "political preacher," because their heads are busy with more important things: as for instance, the education of their own grandchildren. On the other hand, it is a hopeless business with the young people, as the youth is absolu-

tely ignorant of the line expounded by "Ignatius Billinsky's party or sub-party" (meaning the so-called Banderite Organization for the Defense of Four Freedoms for the Ukraine, which he heads).

The official organ of the Banderite OUN Foreign Branches, *Shlyakh Peremohy*, lamented recently that it was getting harder and harder, at times even impossible, to involve young people in the nationalist centers, because the appeals of OUN bosses is merely a "small heap of ashes" against the arguments of young men and women.

The fact, that the majority of emigres resolutely oppose the OUNites' political intrigues and don't wish the younger generation to be brought up in the militaristic, fascist and misanthropic spirit, i. e. in the traditions of the Hitlerjugend, shows that the ignominious activities by OUN supervisors are doomed to complete failure.

SOMEONE ELSE'S PEN, OTHER'S PRAYERS

Polikarp Shafeta

On July 6, 1969, hierarch of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church, Bishop Mstyslav, conferred a miter on Archpriest Anatoly Dubliansky for his "dedicated" — according to the nationalist press — "work for the Ukrainian Orthodox Church."

Those who are not familiar with the person of Dubliansky may think that a new name of sinless miterer has emerged in the history of the Church. But in reality this is not so. Former Petlurite colonel, Stepan Skrypnyk, more known as Bishop Mstyslav, has shown holy honors to former active Nazi lackey who, following the war, was "ordained" archpriest and now has a parish of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church in the West German town of Neue Ulm.

I would like to tell readers about the life of this "holy father," so that they see for themselves what he deserves more — a miter or contempt.

Dubliansky was born in the family of a church painter, Zakhar, in the farmstead of Peretoky, Kivertsy District, Volyn Region. His father always had enough money, so that his son was able to graduate from the Warsaw University. It should be stated that this was a great luxury under the bourgeois regime, accessible only to those who had large amounts of money.

However, he wasn't lucky to achieve a lordly position, as Soviet power was established in Volyn Region in 1939. He was obliged to work, but he wasn't accustomed to this. For a person, who since childhood regarded others as "cattle," the position of director of the Volyn Regional

Studies Museum seemed to him too prosaic as to his rank.

Only with the arrival of fascists in Lutsk did Dubliansky seem to be born anew. The occupants immediately appraised him, ready to obediently cringe to any master, and placed him into the chair of editor-in-chief of the occupational newspaper *Ukrainsky Holos* (Ukrainian Voice) in Lutsk.

Now, in an attempt to "embellish" himself before the honest Ukrainian emigration, Dubliansky tells his biographers that he allegedly wrote nothing wrong with his pen, but wrote articles merely on ecclesiastical and historical themes.

The Volyn Regional Archives have a file of this fascist-engineered rag edited by Dubliansky. I had a chance to read through it (let the devil take it!), and even had a look at the payroll of its contributors to see whom, how much and for what Mr. Anatole (as he used to sign) Dubliansky paid. Therefore, it's not difficult to duly assess the scribblings of former Goebbels-type publicist who now, using his position of archpriest, tries to conceal the fact that he was a toady for the fascists, like the entire, to say the truth, so-called Ukrainian Orthodox Church whose newspaper he now edits in West Germany. Dubliansky's love for God and Ukrainian history was and remains to be false.

"Dubliansky now an archpriest?! Conferred a miter?!" one of his former colleagues exclaimed in surprise, when I told him where and what the editor-in-chief of *Ukrainsky Holos* is now doing. For there is something to wonder at: in his youthful years Dubliansky turned to God more seldom than to German schnapps.

He showed nearly the same love to Ukrainian history. At times he would touch on it with his pen, trying at that to denigrate it in an Aryan manner. Everything worthy

that once existed in Ukraine, he asserts, is of German origin. This pseudo-specialist in regional studies tried to prove that the Lyubart Castle in Lutsk was allegedly built by German architects, but not by ancient Volynian folk craftsmen. Therefore, it seemed to Dubliansky to "look like the best of German castles."

Dubliansky sees as the most prominent feature about this ancient historical monument in the fact that it was the German emperor who presided over the congress of European monarchs which, as is known, was held there in 1429. An interesting fact that following the war, when his beloved Hitlerite Germany ceased to exist, Dubliansky published another article about the Lyubart Castle. This time, no mention was made, however, of the emperor and German architects.

He also wanted to Germanize in *Ukrainsky Holos* the history of Kiev, trying to humiliate it. Dubliansky was most interested in two dates in the one-and-a-half-thousand-year old history of the city on the Dnieper River. The first was — when Petlurites "entered Kiev on a warm spring day. Riding on a horse at the head of the procession was a German officer."

The second refers to 1941, when the "German army again entered Kiev." Strange, how they could tag the title of *Ukrainsky Holos* (Ukrainian Voice) to such a primitive newspaper. There wasn't a hint of Ukrainian voice in it.

It was only the voice of an occupant and a traitor. However else can one call the Hitlerite odes of its editor and the irksome epistles of Lutsk archbishop, Polikarp — administrator of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church and a regular contributor to that sheet?

"The better lot for my people (written in lower case — P. SH.)," the archbishop addresses the fascist Reichskommissar of Ukraine in the newspaper, "is linked

with the victory of the Great German People... (all three words in upper case — P. SH.). I declare my readiness to loyally cooperate in the name of the great cause." Then followed his wishes to Hitler of "full spiritual and physical vigor" and his assurances that the Ukrainian Orthodox Church "would pray to the Lord Almighty" for the fuhrer.

On Hitler's birthday, this fascist voice demanded from the holy fathers of the Lutsk-Kovel diocese to celebrate a solemn Mass to the health of the German People's Führer (again capital letters — P. SH.) with the pronouncement of 'long life' preceeded by a sermon in which to emphasize the significance of Adolf Hitler's Genius..."

In the fall of 1943, the Berlin Department of Propaganda awarded Dubliansky and several other hired scribblers of his type with an excursion to Germany. Common sense prompts that it was unjustifiable squandering of money. Were they really unaware that in a month or two they would be forced to scamper off to the Reich? They knew this very well, but went there nevertheless. The pharisees were eager to see their sanctuary — the Hitlerite lair. Besides, lackeys are a cunning and precautionary lot. They considered, as Dubliansky wrote, their possible "road to the West" in case the train would be overcrowded and the boss might kick them off.

This really did happen and soon. Frightened by the front-line cannonade, Dubliansky still had time to spoil some clean paper in Lutsk by cutting off nine articles in *Ukrainsky Holos* about his visit to fuhrer lands. Never and nowhere did he write about Ukraine with such sweet ecstasy as he did about, say, Landsgut or Nurnberg. The author confides that he was drawn to that place as to something dear and near. At every stop the

group of excursionists would rush to the window to see Germany. But unfortunately, the stations bore Volynian names: Kivertsi, Rozhyshche, Lyubytiv, Kovel. The train moved slowly and surreptitiously, lest a partisan mine derail it into a swamp.

"Everything Aryan is worthier than everything Ukrainian" — that is what Dubliansky concluded after his several-week tour of front-free Germany." True, he had made this conclusion long ago, as his "newspaper," in one of its issues, even called on Volyn people to greet in German: "There are people in the world who greet each other briefly: 'Heil Hitler!'" Dubliansky the editor eloquently demonstrated it not only with words, but rather with German Marks. Thus, for an information item about the opening of a deacon's course at the Lutsk Cathedral he paid himself two Marks a line. In his weak lampoon about the anniversary of the invasion of the Soviet Union, Dubliansky elevated the price of each printed line of his to four Marks. Whenever he had a chance to scribble an opus about the arrival in Lutsk of the cutthroat of the Volynian people, Schone, or some other high-ranking Hitlerite, Dubliansky pocketed as much money, as if he had written at least, a new bible.

Dubliansky's special passion, however, was to scratch with his pen on the occasion of jubilees of the "führer" and his company. That was his piece de resistance. His writings weren't marked with the least signs of literary skill. Incessant "Heil!" from issue to issue. The "name" of Hitler will pass down into the history of our Ukrainian people..." Dubliansky appeared to be a good-for-nothing prophet — as is known, this name, accursed by the entire world, didn't enter any history, except the list of the cruelest murderers where it is marked first on the list. Dubliansky felt as much reverence to

His commandment, "Thou Shall Not Kill," as satan would to a pot of incense, since it gave him great pleasure to advertise Rosenberg's calls to exterminate the Jews.

Now Dubliansky is probably sorry for only one thing that he hadn't enough time to expatiate on the theme dearest to his heart, as only two jubilees of the führer coincided with his literary services in Lutsk — in 1942 and 1943. In 1944, during Adolf's birthday, this scribbler was no longer in Volyn. "The German armies are retaining the full initiative," he wrote in the last issue of his slanderous newspaper on January 30, and on February 1 he, together with the "initiative" German warriors, ran away as far as Austria.

As one can see, the holy fathers sin against the truth, when they write about Dubliansky as the one who "contributes to the Ukrainian press articles on regional studies and ecclesiastic-historical themes." Even the facts cited here are enough to convince the reader what sort of "regional studies" attracted and attract Dubliansky. All this now has brought him a miter as a reward, plus the post of secretary of the supreme clerical board in the Ukrainian Orthodox Church.

However, everything is correct here: as is the priest, so is his church. And the aging Goebbels-type scribbler, Dubliansky, is no exception on the autocephalous scene.

In his neighborhood, in the West German town of Erlengen, for instance, jingles his censor Mykola Hayuk. As holy, as Dubliansky. During bourgeois rule in Volyn Region he was one of the leaders of the "prosvita house" in the village of Romaniv near Lutsk, and was a salesman in the local store. He was engaged in pocketing cooperative money, or simply stole it. But in reactionary circles abroad, this cadre, apart from church, came

in handy as president of the Munich branch of the "Volyn" Association. Evidently, the believing flock set a wolf to tend the sheep, for where else but the priest's pocket do all their donations go when that priest has old thievish inclinations.

The name and even "photos" of Serhiy Kitsyuk appear time and again in the nationalist press. Those Ukrainian believers in Canada, who still attend his church, probably aren't aware that he once held on to a bandit's knife with more assurance than now he holds on to Christ's cross, that as a member of the Melnykite legion he suppressed, together with the Gestapo, the uprising in Warsaw.

Hard times have come for these bastards now. The ice of the cold war is thawing under the rays of international detente. Peace and friendship among nations, social progress are old enemies of nationalism and its spiritual advocates. Now they agree to anything, are ready to forget reciprocal quarrels with the only hope of stopping the warm winds of detente. This is corroborated once again by their behavior at the so-called "world congresses of free Ukrainians" (WCFU). During such congresses, the OUNite leaders look like spiders in a band. They realize that their ship of "independence" is sinking and it's time to recall funeral prayers.

Under such circumstances, fathers of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church, in an attempt to survive, become even greater Catholics than the Roman pope himself, more zealous Banderites, than Bandera himself, take several steps back for the Uniates and kiss with them. Once the WCFU "president" was a Uniate. Five other representatives from different churches, including the above-mentioned Skrypnyk-Mstyslav, also clung to his throne. For a certain time they managed to keep their nationa-

list ark from organizational wreck. But not for long. And the miters, which old metropolitans confer on Cains-fratricides in foreign lands, will not conceal the fact from honest people that Ukrainian nationalism and its ecclesiastical preachers always were and remain to be in the same harness with all other dark forces. The Ukrainian people are indifferent to their history, since it is written with foreign pens. Even their prayers are of alien origin.

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